ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE MODERN MAN

VOLUME 26 NUMBER 11

MAYFAIR

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THE DARLING
BUDS OF MAYFAIR

CATHERINE
FLASHES
HER
FRILLIES

FRENCH
FANCY
ANNA

SULTRY
SAMANTHA

CENTREFOLD
MICHELLE

44" TRACY
BUSTS OUT

SEX KITTEN
SAM

TWICE AS NICE

PAGE THREE
PAIR BARE ALL
CLAIRE
LOUISE
AND
KIRSTEN
IMRIE

SEXUAL REVOLUTION

MAYFAIR GIRL
STRIPS IN
LENINGRAD!

FILM STAR SCOOP

THE SECRET NUDES
OF NAKED TANGO'S
MATHILDA MAY
FIRST FULL FRONTAL!

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MAYFAIR

Volume 26 Number 11

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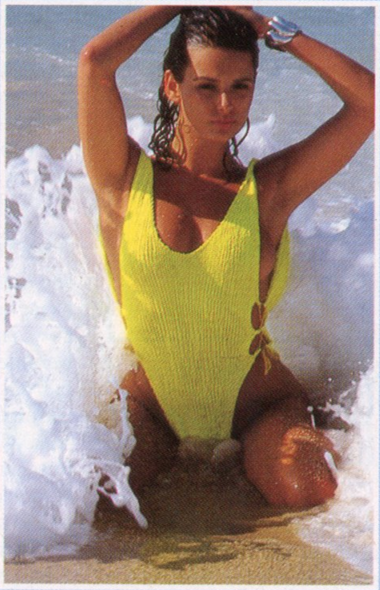

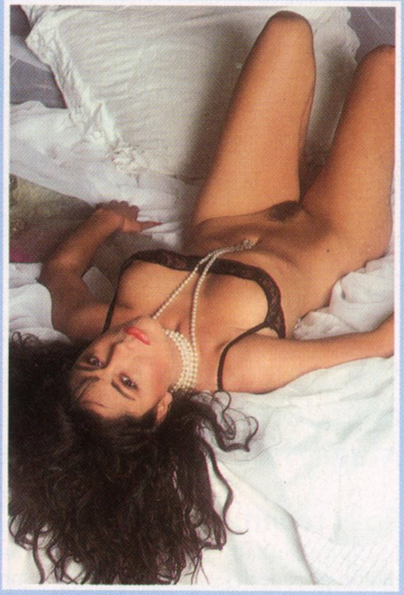

5 Page three favourite Claire Louise is our stunning calendar star this month. Make a date with her over the page.

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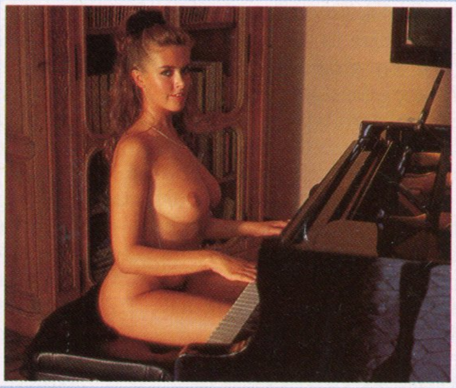
Cute Kirsten is a *Mayfair* favourite, but on page 56 she tickles your fancy like never before.



CENTRE GIRL

Twenty-year-old Michelle Montague makes her *Mayfair* debut in our centrefold. The Hastings-born beauty has to be one of the sweetest girls we've ever featured!

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Cover model: Claire Louise Hickory | thread
Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

- Anna Carter | thread
    1. post [partial]
- Kirsten Imrie
- Michelle Collins as Michelle Montague, GotM
    1. post
- Samantha
    1. post
- Samantha Johnson | thread
    1. post [lower portion]
    2. post
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Claire Louise

PAGE THREE CALENDAR GIRL

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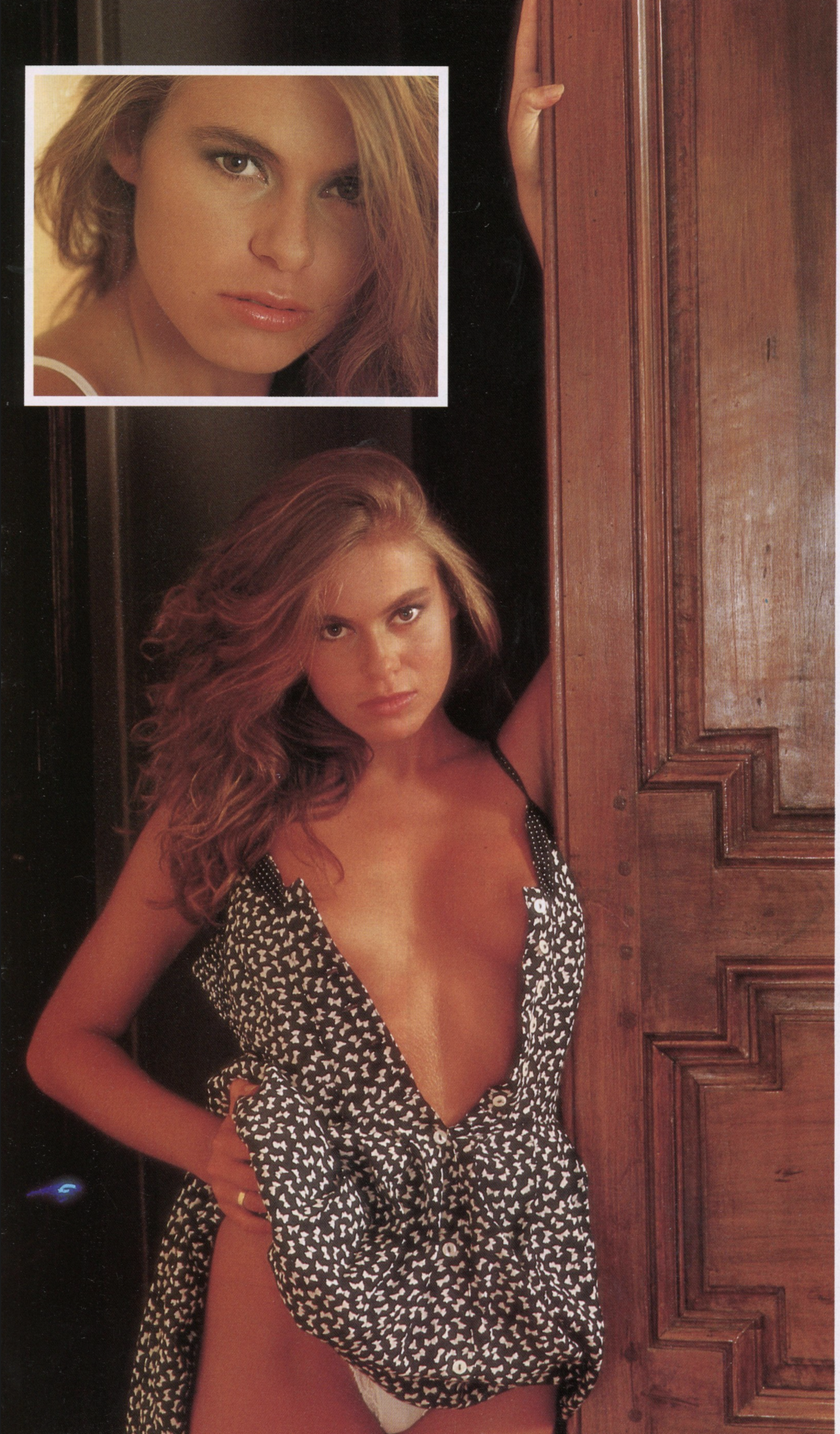
MAYFAIR

In these recessed times, many jobs have gone west, but Bristol's Claire Louise has found hers going east. After being brought up in the west country capital, she has been inundated with so much modelling work that she has moved to London to share a flat with a fellow model.

But that's not the only place Page Three girl Claire has been since she started sharing her 34-

Photographs by George Richardson

23-33 body with photographers. She's hot in Mexico and big in Beverly Hills where she's been working as a fashion model. "I really enjoyed L.A.," she said, "I'd love an apartment in Beverly Hills." And the way her career is taking off, she may well achieve just that. In the meantime, she commutes to Bristol every weekend. "It spoils the fun a bit 'cos I usually have to be up very early to get back to London on Monday morning." So if you spot a beautiful woman on the 125, it could well be Claire. But don't expect to get off with her. Claire says she has no intention of having a steady relationship until she's 25, and then he must be young, dark, hunky and rich. Oh well!



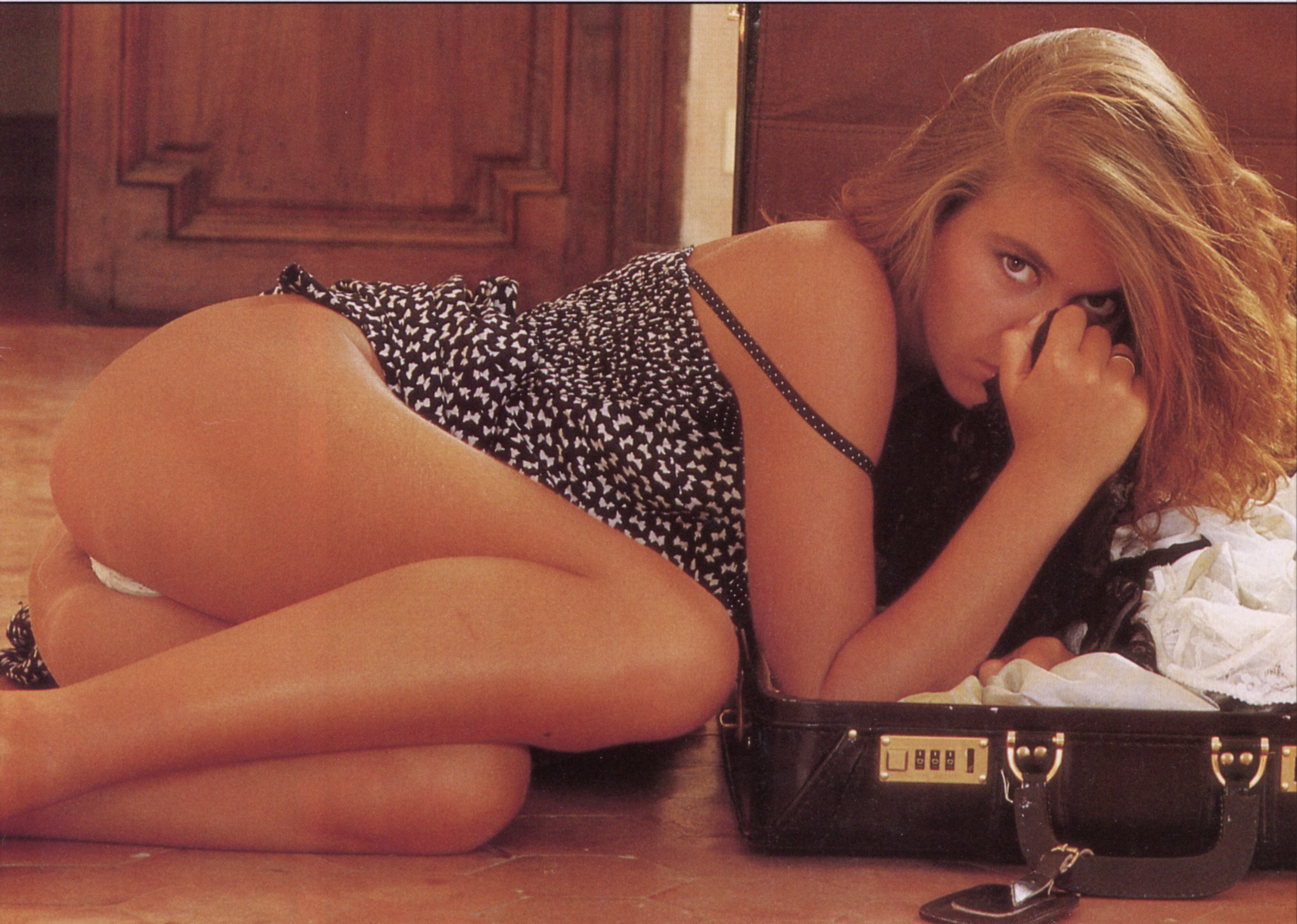
ANNA

Photographs by Denys Defrancesco

A Year in Provence by Peter Mayle has inspired many people to sell up and move to France, including 21-year-old Anna Carter. Born and bred in Suffolk, Anna now spends much of her time converting her old tumbledown farmhouse in the Dordogne where these shots were taken. "In Britain, I felt lonely and isolated, here I am just alone," says the ex-office girl who freely admits to not having found anyone close to being the right man. "In France, I shall decide what I want and who I want, then come back to Britain — and get him!"

If Anna sounds self-assured, that's because the university graduate with the 34-22-33 figure is exactly that. "Sex is not a lottery," she insists, "I don't want to wait, hoping that the right man will come along. As soon as I know who he is, I intend to make sure he's mine. Sex is far too good to waste on the wrong guy!" So why did she want to pose? "I felt an affinity with *Mayfair* readers. They like the good things in life, yet aren't afraid of their sexuality. Neither am I." So how does a girl all alone in a country where she barely speaks the language satisfy those needs? "I have a way," she smiles, her long fingers straying towards the top of her bare inner thighs.

But Anna is not quite as serious as she sounds. She loves humorous writing and strong sexual fiction. "All the best sex is in books!" she claims. "If I'd met the gamekeeper in *Lady Chatterly* or Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights,* I'd probably be married with a semi in Peterborough by now, like my schoolfriends. Until then, I shall have to wait..." Gentlemen, you know where to write.



SAMANTHA

Samantha is a dark horse. Deliberately enigmatic, the 24-year-old loves black clothes, matching underwear and the sort of spiky high heels that would pierce your foot if she stood on you in the tube. You might think this makes her stark and sombre. Far from it, Samantha loves sex. "And I never stint myself over anything I love," she purrs.

Those of you who want to know about Samantha's job, hobbies and so on will have to refer back to the lady's first appearance in these pages some months ago, when she was rather more forthcoming. "I'm being a bit more mysterious this time," she says with a sly smile. "All you need to know is that I love playing with men, and I like a new plaything every month. They seem to get worn out so quickly!" You have been warned... Ⓜ

Photographs by Jack Harrison

s a m

Liverpool has long been renowned for its comics, but now, thanks to 20-year-old Bootle lass Samantha Johnson, it's also known as the home of some of Britain's sexiest women. "Just call me The Bird in the Black Stuff," giggles Sam, referring to the wicked lingerie she chose herself for her *Mayfair* hatrick. "Three appearances in a year," she said proudly. "Now people are coming up to me in the street and asking me for my autograph — amongst other things! I'm dead made up."

Photographs by Paul Shelley

Sam, who measures up at 34-24-36, still spends most of her time at art college, though she admits that the search for a regular boyfriend has become a major preoccupation. "It would be nice to have somebody to...well...help release a few pent-up feelings," she told us. "But the last guy I went out with took sex far too seriously. I like a laugh in bed as well as out of it." As if to prove it, Sam suddenly reached into her handbag. "Besides, I bought these strawberry-flavoured condoms the other week, and I'm dying to try them!" Ⓜ

THE RUSSIAN BARE!

Photographs by Heikki Mattinen

"It's great that we in Russia are now really free," says Leningrad model Natalia Negoda, "but elections and opposition newspapers aren't everything, you know: the first thing to do is have some fun!"

And straight after Boris Yeltsin's triumph in Moscow, having fun was just what 21-year-old Natalia did! Along with Finnish photographer Heikki Mattinen she went to the famous Winter Palace, the birthplace of the first Russian Revolution back in 1917, and showed the people of Leningrad just what openness is really all about!

The Winter Palace is now a State museum, holding the Soviet Union's most prized works of art. In fact, if a visitor spent one minute viewing each artefact, it would take him 4.7 years to see them all! But on this chilly Wednesday the only work of art being viewed was Ms Negoda herself...

So what plans does Natalia have for her future in her newly-liberated motherland? "Well, sex is not taboo any more — you can buy men's magazines and see sex films — so I would like to be a model and take part in all this. Both men and women love this sex entertainment: it is the part of our new freedom which we enjoy most. So I want to go on entertaining my fellow Russians for a few years yet!" Ⓜ

MICHELLE

The number of girls who have made their Mayfair debut on the centre pages can be counted on your fingers (which is one way to warm up a wintry evening). And here's another, 20-year-old Michelle Montague from Hastings. The 36-24-35 beauty has been hiding herself away on

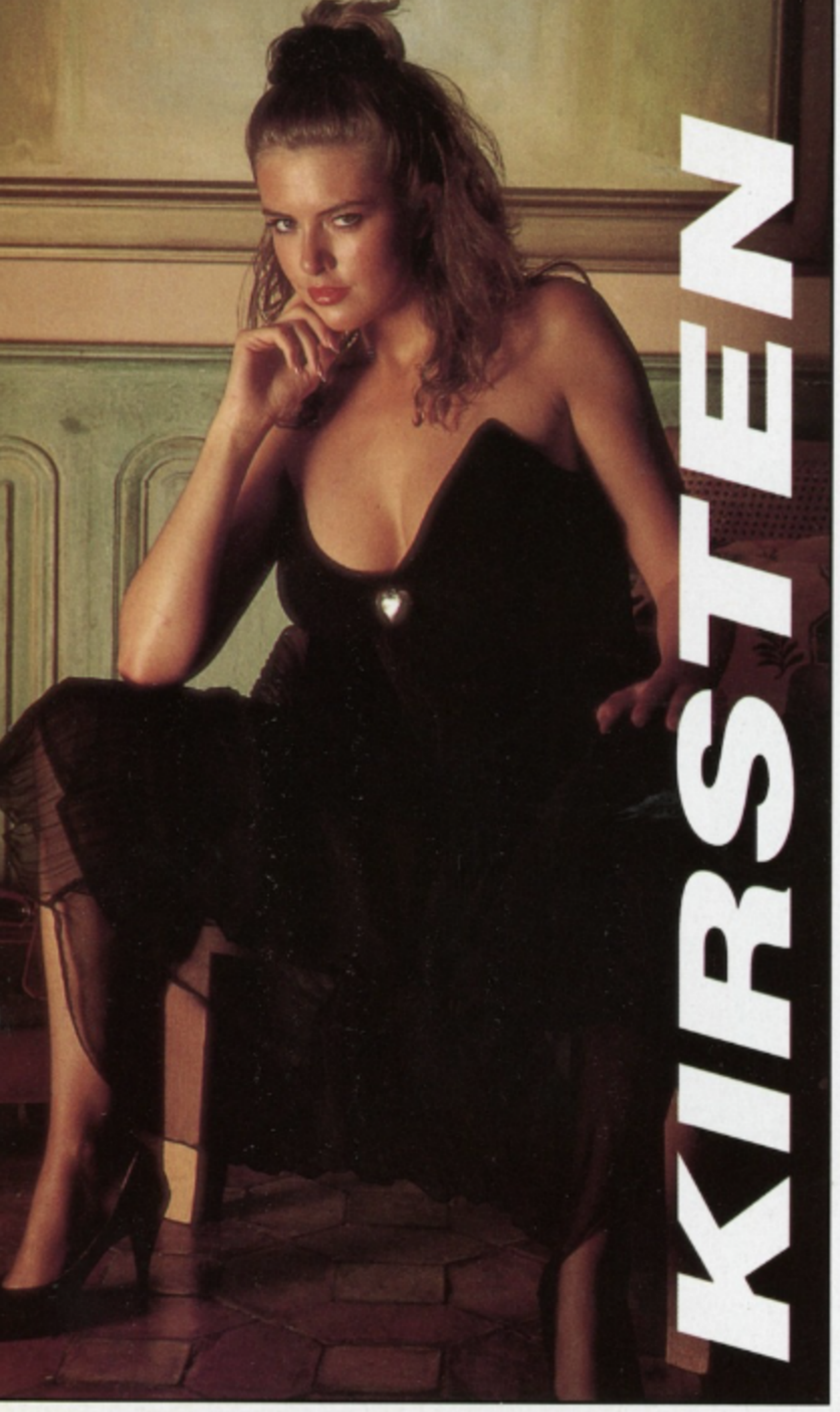
Photographs by Ralph Medland

the south coast, and only recently considered a career in modelling. "Nobody brought up round here does anything as glamorous as that," she told us. "It's an old fashioned town." But Michelle is not an old fashioned girl. She loves all-night parties, large amounts of white wine and, to be honest, men.

"I've always loved guys," Michelle says. "I'm always thinking about sex and mentally undressing men in the street or on the train to London. But now I've discovered modelling, I let my fantasies run riot. I can't tell you who I was thinking about during this set and what he was doing — you'd be banned from every newsagents in the country! Suffice it to say, I was still wriggling with pleasure all the way back on the train. It sure beats selling soft ice cream on the seafront!"

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
michelle

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
michelle



KIRSTEN

Regular readers of Mayfair will have no trouble in recognising the friendly face and perfect 36-24-34 figure of Edinburgh-born beauty, Kirsten Imrie. Kirsten, who now lives in London, has only recently returned from Scotland's capital after spending a few weeks there attending the city's annual Festival.

"I used to study at college in Edinburgh," the 22-year-old brunette told us, "so I managed to look up some old friends while I was there. Most of them are married now though, or at least engaged — that sounds a bit to dull for me! I'm not quite ready for mortgages and the like... I'm having far to much fun to settle down!"

So what would Kirsten's idea man be like? "Oh, that would be telling, wouldn't it?" she laughs. "I haven't got my eye on any one person at the moment, let's just say that I'm open to offers!" Ⓜ

Photographs by Michael Moore

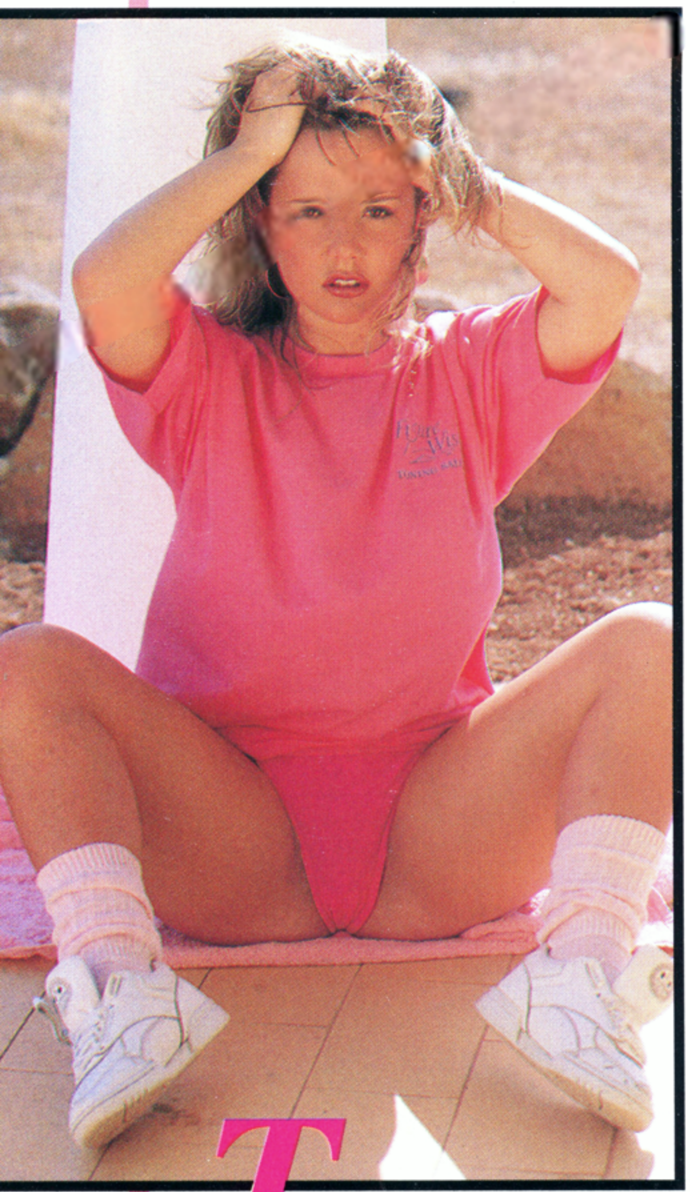
C A T H E R I N E

Just when it seems every woman in the world is trying to deny the differences between the sexes, along comes Catherine Hughes. The 21-year-old from South Wales much prefers femininity to feminism, and her house in the seaside town of Tenby is full of frills and furbelows. "I love dainty things," whispers Catherine in a voice

Photographs by Kate Ferris

that trickles like water. "I collect dolls and china horses, none of them bigger than my hand, and they all have names, of course."

Catherine, who measures 37-24-36, has a reticent attitude to men. "Boys? Of course I go out with them, and yes I occasionally sleep with one," she says, the faintest hint of a blush appearing on her face. "But I must admit the bit I like most is the first real kiss. That still sends shivers down me." So how does a girl like this come to be appearing in *Mayfair*? "I think the nude female body is very pretty, and I hope you think mine is, so I see nothing wrong with showing it off." And what about the nude male body? Is that pretty too? "The top half's alright," smiles Catherine coyly. "but from the waist down... well, it does look a little untidy doesn't it?!"



Tracy

"When are you going to uncover the girl on the cover?" That was the plea that we heard several hundred times when Tracy James revealed her stunning 44-26-38 figure on the front of our last issue. The 19-year-old from a village near Stratford-on-Avon couldn't believe it when we told her the enormous reponse to her cover shot. "I was really proud when I saw it in my local newsagents, and hung around hoping somebody would recognise me," she says. "When nobody rushed up and asked me for my autograph, I came back down to earth. Now, I've got my head in the clouds again!"

Photographs by Chris Lapin

Tracy's *Mayfair* appearance has had a big effect on the men she meets. "The ones I've told look on me in a whole new light," she claims. "They see me as a steamy temptress now, not just the girl from the house near the canal. I hope I can live up to it!" So how will they react when she appears inside? "One thing's for sure, I'll have a lot more boyfriends this winter than last. I can't wait!"

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Rally round, chaps

Much as I usually enjoy *Mayfair*'s motoring pages (fewer though they are these days), I was disappointed in Vol 26 No 9 to find that you spent a whole page discussing impractical concept cars and about one column on REAL motor sport, namely rallying.

I appreciate that these futuristic designs allow you to use nice big pictures of outlandish vehicles, but some of us drivers actually want to go somewhere in our vehicles. For me (and my girlfriend, a fellow rally fanatic), the sight of even a privately entered Astra belting through Kielder is a lot more arousing than some plastic wedge with a goldfish bowl on top.

Better still, why not combine rallying with *Mayfair*'s more famous attributes and do a feature on lady rally drivers. Now there's a bunch of women who really turn me on!
JT, Lancaster

Undies addict

Your fascinating Quest Vol 26 No 9, which dealt with lingerie fetishism, made arousing, as well as reassuring reading. Like one of your respondents, my most fulfilling sexual experiences have involved my lovers touching and rubbing me through my underwear. I've always thought it a bizarre and slightly embarrassing little kink, so I'm delighted — and excited — to discover that other women share my taste.

My first boyfriend lived with his parents, and we used to make love on the sofa when they were out, listening for their car on the driveway.just in case. A couple of times we were nearly caught, which added to the excitement! The best thing about those rushed sessions was that we never had time to take all our clothes off, and often Paul would just pull aside the crotch of my knickers so he could slide his prick into me. The sensation of my panties rubbing against my clitoris as he thrust into me used to get me so horny that even when he moved into a flat of his own I frequently kept my underwear on during sex.

I also like to masturbate myself through my knickers. Silk is the best, because I can feel my pussy juice seeping through the material as I get turned on, and it's even sheer enough to slip right up between my love lips. That's usually enough to give me an instant orgasm!

My current boyfriend shares my fetish, and he loves to lick my pussy through my panties. Feeling a hot tongue probing me through my sexy undies is indescribably good — and it's usually the prelude to our most intense sex sessions!
VT, Shropshire

Morning glory

My girlfriend Judy and I have been living together for a couple of years now, and our sex life has gradually become a routine — a kiss and cuddle in front of the tv, followed by a quick bedtime screw and then sleep. I guess both of us were getting rather bored, but I never expected my rather reserved and shy girlfriend to be the one to spice things up!

Then one morning last week, I was woken up at six o'clock by the sound of soft music. Like most guys, I usually have a pretty impressive morning erection — I just don't have time to do anything about it. But Judy had planned it all out this morning so we had over an hour before I had to get up for work — and she was all ready to make the most of it.

The sight of my pretty blonde girlfriend in a brand new, lacy black teddy had my cock rock hard, and Judy smiled sexily at me before running her tongue gently around the head. After a refreshing night's sleep, and with none of the day's cares on my shoulders, I felt wide awake and far more sensitive than usual, and Judy's licking was making my dick tingle and throb wonderfully.

Inch by inch, she took more of me into her mouth, sucking firmly and running her tongue up and down the underside of my shaft at the same time. I had to concentrate hard to keep myself from coming, it felt so good, but I wanted to make the most of this sexy scene.

Judy sat up and slipped the teddy down so her lovely boobs were exposed. I can never resist the sight of them, they're so full and firm, with suckable brown nipples. She always gets very turned on when I play with them, but what she did now was a first for us. Staddling my legs, she wrapped her warm tits around my cock, so only the head of it could be seen at her cleavage. Then she started to stroke and wank me between her boobs.

As you can imagine, it didn't take much of that to have me shooting my load all over her gorgeous boobs, and the sight of her carassing herself as she licked it all off had me hard again instantly. Okay, so I was late for work that day — but it hasn't discouraged us from repeating our horny morning session!
PC, Colchester

Kitchen crush

I've always thought of myself as 100 percent heterosexual, so it's been a great revelation to have my first lesbian experience — and a very pleasurable one too!

The whole thing began when my neighbour Christine and I were doing some baking for a local charity fete. Her kitchen isn't very big, so we kept on bumping into each other, and the combination of the heat from the oven and the close quarters was making us both very flushed. Christine fetched a big jug of lemonade from the fridge, but as she brought it over to the table I took a step back, crashed into her, and most of it ended up over me.

I gasped as the cold liquid hit me full in the boobs. My nipples stood up hard straight away, and I could feel little rivulets of icy liquid trickling down my belly towards my pussy.

Christine seemed transfixed by the sight of my thin cotton dress clinging wetly to my bra-less tits.

"Quick, take it off and I'll put in the washing machine before it stains," she said. I did as she suggested, conscious of her eyes on me as I undid the row of buttons down the front of the dress and let it fall to the floor, so I was standing there in just my

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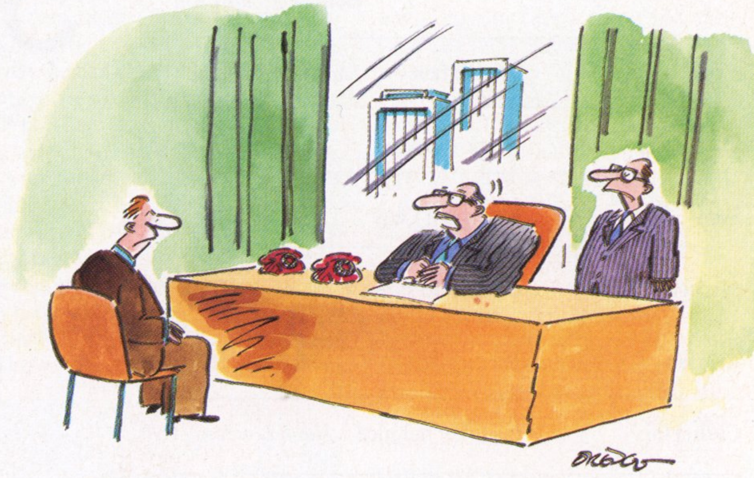


'You 'll find I'm not afraid of delegating responsibility, Murday. So if you scratch my back, Pemberton here will scratch yours!'

Adorable Abbey

I'm not surprised you got so many requests for another appearance by sensational sexpot Abbey. Her saucy striptease in Vol 26 No 9 was extremely pleasing to the eye, not to mention the libido! I do have one minor compalint however — a girl with a face and figure as perfect as Abbey's doesn't need any adornment at all, and I would have loved to see a finishing shot of her totally nude. As her previous set in her naughty undies in Vol 26 No 7 didn't show Abbey completely naked either, I hope it'll be third time lucky for myself and all her other ardent admirers. That way, I can imagine cavorting with her in the sea, or making love in the hot sand, unencumbered by clothing!
AS, Northampton

Continued from page 4

knickers. Christine came towards me, a dreamy expression on her face.

"Look, you're covered in it," she murmured. My skin was sparkling with drops of the lemonade, and a shiver of pure lust went through me as she ran her tongue over my boobs, lapping up the liquid like a cat. My panties felt soaked, and not just with lemonade; I knew my pussy was juicing up in anticipation of what would happen next.

Christine carried on licking my boobs as her fingers slid down between my legs, rubbing me through my wet knickers. I pressed my mound harder against her, eager to feel her fingers inside me. Soon she had my panties right off and was pushing two sticky fingers right inside me, stroking my clitty until I couldn't wait any longer.

I pushed her head down towards my fanny and she responded immediately, kneeling between my legs so she could lick me as I stood there. I'd never had any kind of lezzie experience before, and the sheer naughtiness of the whole situation added to my pleasure, giving me three powerful climaxes in a short space of time.

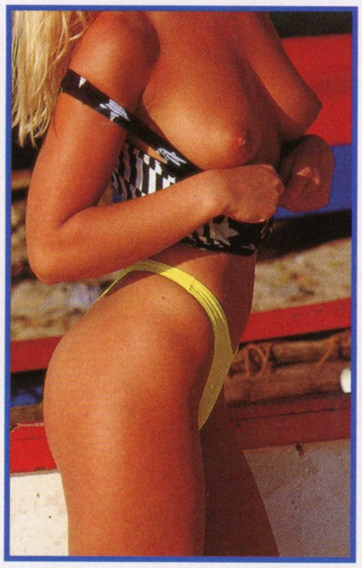
Christine and I have now made a regular date for our 'cooking sessions', and I've discovered that licking another girl's pussy is almost as enjoyable as sucking a cock. I could never give up men — but I'd definitely call myself bisexual these days!

KR, Nuneaton

All a-bawd!

I was greatly amused by Anthony's cartoons on the sexy side of sailing in *Mayfair* (Vol 26 No 9). As a boat owner for some years, I would say that there has always been a close connection between women and yachts. A nice stern and prominent bow will attract girls from all over, and I've give many of them a ride in my time. There's nothing quite like the sight of a few fillies in tiny skintight shorts (no baggy Bermudas allowed on board!) sunbathing topless on the deck to make setting sail worthwhile.

I met my wife through boating. I had just moved to the Isle of Wight



then and was a regular 'yachty', hanging around the Harbour Lights pub in Cowes in my yellow waterproofs. I now know that a good 50 percent of the guys dressed like this have never been near a boat in their lives, they just dress that way to impress the women. I even think Mary was a bit cynical when she first saw me in my Captain Birds Eye outfit. Then I offered her a trip around the harbour in my ketch.

We'd been getting on well all evening, but the combination of moonlight, a cool summer breeze and the sea was all she needed to turn her into a sex-mad siren — well, a much more amorous one than I'd expected. Dressed in a pair of tight jeans and a low-cut top, she'd already had several unexpected dousings with spray making her clothes cling even tighter to her curves. But far from complaining, she just moaned softly to herself with pleasure.

Then I put down the anchor so we could have a couple of drinks and look at the lights of Cowes from the sea. From then on it was plain sailing. The sea had done all my seduction for me, and a simple arm around her had Mary leaning into me, kissing my neck, and running her hands through the hairs on my chest. I kissed her, and her salty lips opened to allow my tongue to slip inside. Her moaning grew more intense, and my hands strayed to her boobs, bra-less beneath the cotton top, and heavy as I cupped them through the thin material. Mary smiled and whispered, "Let's do it here. I've never had sex on a boat before!"

To be honest, neither had I (though it's now a regular occurence!), and when I tried to peel down Mary's tight and slightly damp jeans, there were times I thought I never would. Eventually the wretched things came off, and Mary helped me undo mine, giving my cock a few gentle strokes as she did so. Then after I'd tugged her knickers down to half-mast, Mary lay spreadeagled on the deck with a gentle breeze ruffling her long brown hair, and the moonlight playing on her boobs. It wasn't long before the moonlight wasn't the only lucky one.

Her breasts felt so smooth and soft, and her nipples were sticking up like little bulwarks (that's the posts you tie the boat to, landlubbers!). I kissed them in turn but Mary was ready, and the glistening moisture on her fanny wasn't seaspray. After letting her toy with my cock a little longer, I too knew the time had come, and I slowly slid into her porthole. Her muscles hugged me as tight as a drowning man, and it was all I could do to slide out sufficiently to start pumping. Then when I did, her moaning began...

After the silence of the night with only the sound of waves lapping against the boat, it sounded like a banshee wail. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Do me!" she screamed. "Owww!" For a moment, I thought the coastguard would think it was a distress call, and the lifeboat would come out! Surely the whole island could hear us. "Yes, yes, YES!" she continued as my balls slapped against her mound. Then, she started rocking, faster than the boat, her salt and sweat-streaked hair lashing her face. Her climax was only seconds away and so with a final scream that must have had half the landladies on the seafront peeping through the curtains, she started flooding the boat, followed in a close second by yours truly who thanks to a condom, didn't give quite so much cause for swabbing the deck.

Afterwards we both lay looking at the stars before that post-coital shivering started, and we got dressed again. The boat had provided more than the location and an attractive view. It had also set the mood for the evening, and helped spark a spirit of sexual adventure in Maria. It does in a lot of girls. Forget your red sports cars, chaps (the roads are too crowded to go anywhere anyway), buy a boat — it's the best aphrodisiac I know!

"The Captain", Isle of Wight

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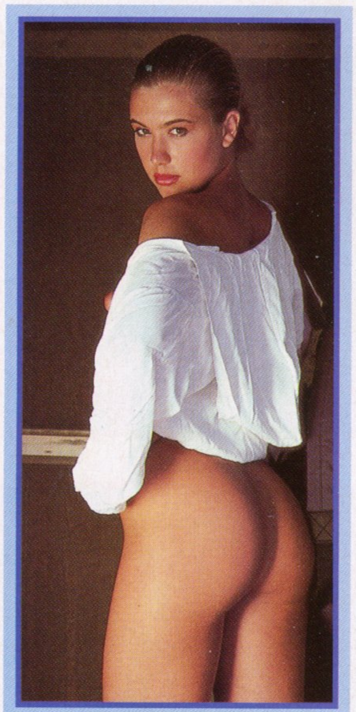


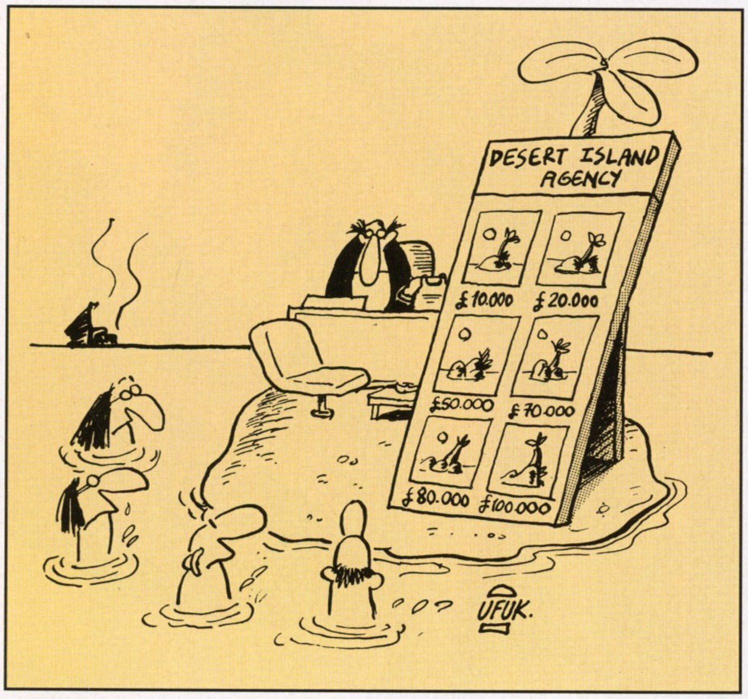
Diving belle

As a regular scuba diver and fellow resident of Brighton, I wanted to pass on this message to Nicolette who says in Vol 26 No 9 that she too enjoys sub aqua swimming. Why not come along with me and the lads for an underwater photo session?

I'm very keen on underwater photography, and I'd love to capture Nicolette swimming nude below the surface. If we could do it in the warm clear waters of the Phillipines, all the better!

Nicolette has the perfect body for me. Slim with pert little boobs and a tight bum, my only complaint is that we didn't see her in the water she loves so much. But if she meets up with me and my waterproof camera, I'll soon remedy that.

PT, Brighton



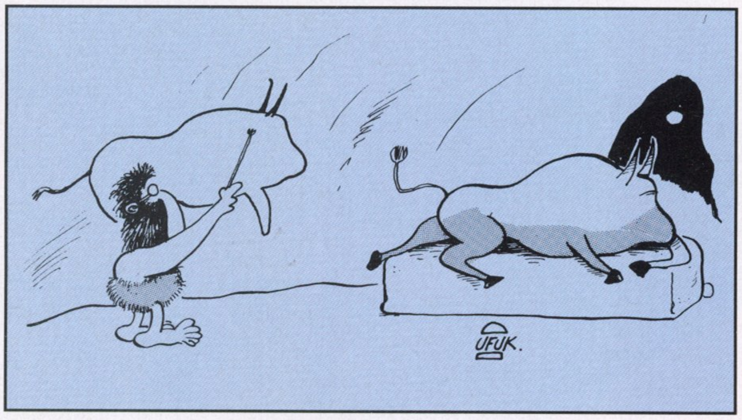
Continued from page 42

Perfect parts

It comes as no surprise to read letters in *Mayfair* praising women's bums, boobs and legs, as these have always been considered centres of attraction. But I wonder if I'm the only guy who gets turned on by the sight of a lovely slender neck and shapely shoulders?

My wife likes to wear strapless dresses when we go to parties, and the sight of her creamy flesh exposed far enough to show off a hint of cleavage provokes me to such an extent that she'll often get undressed again so we can make love before we go out. She loves me to kiss her neck and shoulders too, and the insides of her elbows are also very sensitive.

I believe almost any part of the body can act as an erogenous zone, but I wonder if there are any men with a thing about ankles, or knees, or noses, for example. Perhaps *Mayfair* could do a survey!
AC, Gloucester



'Welcome to Perimeter Advertising, Doubleday!'

Office arouser

My husband Brian was working late the other night, and as I was in town I thought I'd drop in at the office and we could go out for dinner. The building was very quiet when I got there, and there was nobody in reception, but the door to Brian's secretary's office was ajar.

I've met Sandy a couple of times and always felt a bit intimidated by her. She's tall and very attractive, with long dark hair, but her air of fierce efficiency can be a little scary! Anyway, I went and peeped through the doorway to see if she was there — and what a sight met my eyes!

Sandy was sprawled in her chair, with her blouse open to reveal her full tits spilling out of a white lace bra. Her smart skirt was pulled up to her waist, and her white panties were around her thighs as her fingers dipped into her wet honeypot.

I froze, terrified to make a sound in case she realised someone was watching her, although I think she was so far gone she wouldn't have noticed a herd of elephants stampeding through the room! Her head was flung back, and I could just hear her moaning as her excitement built. Her fingers were glistening with her juice, and her hips were rising off the chair to meet each frantic stroke of her fingers.

Finally she let out a cry as she came, then lay back, panting. She just had time to straighten out her clothes — and I'd just realised how wet my own pussy had got from watching such a sexy display — when Brian came in. He gave Sandy some notes to file from the meeting he'd just attended, and didn't even notice how flushed she looked!

I haven't seen Sandy since, but I often recreate the scene in my head when I'm feeling horny, and wonder how often it's been repeated when my husband's in a meeting!
RP, Corby

Blow me!

So Madonna won't give head because she doesn't want to choke—according to your quote in Vol 26 No 9. Well, she just isn't doing it properly! I've given my boyfriends blow-jobs ever since I was 18, and not only do they enjoy it, I do too.

I admit that the first time wasn't so successful. I had no qualms about doing it, unlike some people, but I didn't know excatly what to expect. I shoved the guy's cock right into my mouth like a greedy kid with a hot dog, and yes, it did make me gag a bit. Worse still, in those days I had no idea when he was going to come, so I wasn't prepared. The shock was so great on the first occasion that I promptly spat it out in his coffee!

Giving good head is a simple matter of being patient, and insisting that the guy is too. If you take too much of his cock into your mouth,. or he tries to force it in, sure, you will start coughing. You'll get that feeling that you can't breathe, and it will be a thoroughly unpleasant experience. So I take it at my own pace. I start by gently licking around his knob end, teasing it, and getting used to the taste (they can be a bit salty at first). Then slowly I part my lips and take the head into my mouth.

Licking round the rim, I start sucking ever so gently, before taking more in. This has to be done at my pace, and I can fully understand why the Ancient Chinese believed that far from being demeaning, blow jobs are the way a girl has ultimate control over a man. Slowly I slide my lips down his dick, tickling the veins of his cock with my tongue as I go. This dictates the pace to some extent anyway. No guy can take too much of that at once.

Then, I start easing his cock in and out of my mouth, sucking and tickling him as I go. The only rules for this bit are not to go too fast, and to be in a position where your hair doesn't get in the way. I don't mind a mouthful of come, but a mouthful of my own hair is revolting!. Believe me, it won't be long before he orgasms, but after a few blow-jobs, I have learned to recognise the signs so I can prepare myself for the sudden spurt. Apart from the increase in moaning, there's a slight shiver, and then that warm flood.

Now some girls complain about the taste of spunk but I rather like it. It isn't hot and salty as some magazines maintain, but an exciting taste, and a great texture — a bit like egg white, I suppose. Nor is there as much of it as some people claim. About 10cc is average, the equivalent of a sip of wine. However, girls, you should never give a blow-job after eating cheese or drinking coffee. This gives jizz a bitter taste, so remember, suck him off during the meal rather than after!

It really is a pleasant sensation, and the guy is usually so grateful that he will do anything for you in return! So, girls, it's worth learning the art. Don't be like Madonna, and bad mouth blow-jobs. You might get to like them as much as I do!
JE, Macclesfield

Continued on page 98

More Nella!

Finally, after years of searching, I think I've found my perfect woman. Naughty Nella from Vol 26 No 9 scores ten out of ten on my seduction scale for those stunning good looks and wicked sense of fun. Now, I'm not knocking the beautiful blondes *Mayfair* showcases so impressively, but give me a bubbly brunette like Nella any day! She has just the right combination of cuteness and passion to get my pulse racing — and as a fan of practical joking, she can debag me any time she wants! More, please!
GL, London

Continued from page 52

Suits me

May I congratulate you on the series of items you have introduced featuring famous women in just their underwear or swimsuits. I am a firm believer that sexy clothing is just as arousing as nudity, and think it's about time that magazine such as yours began to appreciate this,

Certain items of clothing and types of materials enhance a woman's body rather than hiding it, and I would press to see much more of the following in *Mayfair*.

1) Satin or silk. The way it shines as it caresses the curves of a girl's boobs or bum is simply magnificent, and it feels so much softer and sexier than PVC or leather.

2) See-through fabrics. What better tease that to be able to half-see a nipple or boob outline through a blouse?

3) Wet clothes. The perfect combination of the two. A hint of see-though, lots of clinging fabrics and a shine as the sun catches the sodden material.

4) High heels. I don't know who came up with the idea that women should have six inches added to their height at the back, but he was a genius. The way it makes a girl wobble when she walks is just fabulous.

In these days of practical wash and wear polyesters, let's please have more girls in truly sexy clothing. Not just basques but full evening dress, then let them slowly strip it off. Go on, *Mayfair*, dress up your girls before you undress them.

J B, Norfolk

Lust for Lisa

Lovely Lisa Bangert, who featured as your Page Three Calendar Girl in Vol 26 No 9, must be Britain's sexiest glamour model so far. Your stylish photoset captured the essence of her attraction — a gorgeous smile, sparkling eyes and flawless skin. As for that body... I could go on for ages about her voluptuous curves, kissable boobs, and especially that pert, creamy little bum; but I'll content myself with just saying thanks, *Mayfair* — keep up the good work!

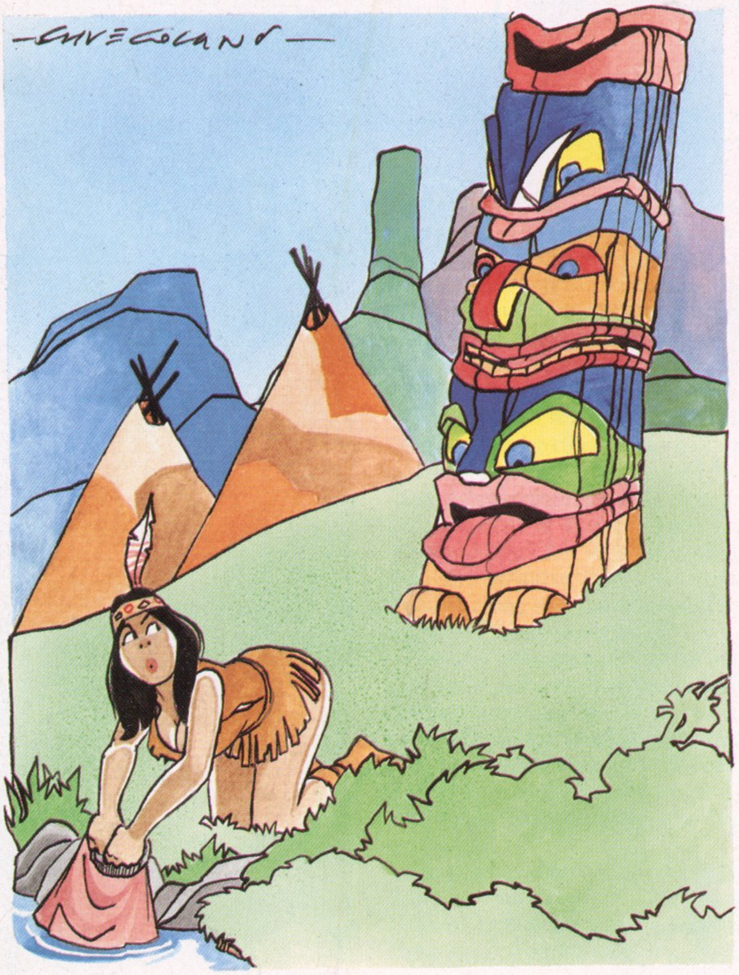
JC, Durham

Enviable position

I want to complain bitterly about the effect *Mayfair* has had on my life! Until recently, I could sit and watch the television, secure in the knowledge that my wife required nothing more from me than the occasional grunt in agreement when she offered coffee. Sex existed twice a week, something to be fitted in after the late film. But now...not only is it every night, but in every conceivable position!

It happened when my brother came to stay and being a single man he brought several copies of your mag with him to keep him company in the spare room. Unfortunately for my inertia, he left one in the lounge, and my wife got hold of it. Contrary to expectation, she was not shocked, she was intrigued, and suddenly my sex life took a new turn.

One night after my brother had gone to bed, my wife whispered to me that she had found a Mayfair and had started reading the letters and Quest. What had particularly caught her attention were the letters on oral sex, especially cunnilingus. Prior to this, she'd never been keen on the idea of any sort of oral, but suddenly she was asking whether we should try it. Felicity's fanny being trim and blonde, I had often fancied the idea, but this was the first time she had implied that she wouldn't snap her thighs shut like an alligator's jaws.



So the next night, not only was she lying there with her legs wide apart, but also smearing honey onto her pussy lips 'in case I didn't like the taste'. But when my nose nudged into those warm damp hairs I realised what I had been missing. The musky smell had my willy stiff as a ramrod and ten times as thick, and when I started lapping at that honey-flavoured fanny I was like a kid with his first ice cream. Fliss was even more excited. As my tongue dipped into the honeypot, she was panting like I haven't heard since her first orgasm. It wasn't long before the sweetness of her lips and the tanginess of her come combined on my tongue, and as she yelped like a puppy, I reealised that this was going to become a regular part of our sex life.

But that was the simplest part of my wife's transformation. After five years of happily enjoying the missionary position, she wanted to try more positions than the Kama Sutra. Standing up against the wardrobe, legs apart, shagging until her knees buckled (or mine did) was one of the best.

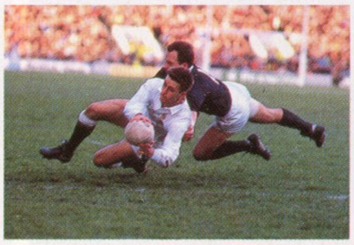
But one part of our newly exciting sex life I really enjoy is her new addiction to doing it anywhere. For years a quick kiss in the kitchen was taboo, but now I can lift up her skirt and slide into her from behind as she stands at the sink. I love impromptu shagging. The feeling of naughtiness as you slip into an eager pussy right there in the hall after a hard day at work or licking her into a frenzy just after she's come out of the bath (don't you just love the way women smell when they've been pampering themselves with soap and talc?) is quite simply wonderful.

Okay, I don't get to watch Eastenders any more, but it's a small price to pay for having the best exercised cock on our estate, and a woman whose pussy has just realised what it's like to be treated properly. Thanks a lot, guys.

R W, Orpington

SCENE

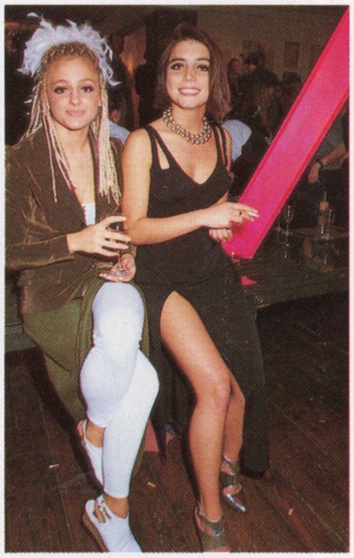
Scene setters this month: Tony Price on the purrfect Jaguar (opposite),



Rob Swift's passing predictions on the Rugby World Cup (page 14),

Euro-bimbo Mathilda May bares her all in our sexclusive snaps (page 21),

movie mogul Russ Meyer talks big boobs and big books (page 20). Plus all the reviews, news and who's-with-whos the human body can take...



gossip

BUDDIES SNOG

NOW HERE'S a thing: gorgeous wild child Emma Ridley going for a night out on the town with her clothes on! But wait a minute, who's the luscious girl stuck to her lips? It's none other than stunning 19-year-old Lisa Walker. This sexy star of Channel 4's *Teenage Health Freak* is the former girlfriend of pop singer Chesney Hawkes, who she met when they both landed parts in the film *Buddy's Song*. Though their relationship is now finished, lovely Lisa's promising acting career has just begun. And with looks like hers, we hope to be seeing a lot more of her soon!

gizmos

NOT IN MY LIFETIME, SON

IT'S SEX, guys, but not as we know it. Ever since Jane Fonda broke the Orgasmatron in 60s sci-fi fantasy film *Barbarella*, everyone's been waiting for the 'real thing' to come along. Well now the sexperts say it's just around the corner, and if the idea of sex in a crash helmet and a rubber suit turns you on, it promises to be right up your alley.

The concept of CyberSex is being looked into by the same people who brought you Virtual Reality, the computer-generated fantasy world arcade game. You enter it by slipping into a special helmet with in-built television screens. Technologists have already developed a data-glove bristling with sensors that lets you 'feel' objects within the Virtual world. Now they're working on a whole body suit packed with miniature vibrators that will have the "ultimate snugness of a condom" and will allow you to feel the full range of sensations. This way the wearer will be able to experience anything — or anybody — inside the computer world.

Scientists from the Advanced Robotics Research Centre have failed to get excited about CyberSex. "It's an awful idea and it won't come for years," said one boring boffin, who obviously prefers a quick one. "Really, anyone who wants to try out Virtual Reality sex must be pretty warped. Having to wear a heavy head-set with something inflated over your wedding tackle! Does that really sound like fun?"

Frankly, Mr Tefal-head, yes.

fashion

STOCKING TRADE

IT'S OFFICIAL, tights are on the run. British women now buy far more stockings than women in the rest of Europe, and sales are especially strong in the under-25 age group. This is good news for the manufacturers, of course: a spokeswoman for market leaders Pretty Polly told us, "More and more women are realising that stockings are cooler, more convenient and more comfortable. And let's face it, they're a lot sexier too!"

We wouldn't argue with that. But why are they so sexy?

Theories abound. There's the tension of the suspenders, drawn just a little tighter than they need to be to hold the stockings up: not many men can resist snapping them against her thigh when making love.

There's the 'framing' effect of a square of material around a dainty set of pubes, framing the erotic zone. And there's the cult and mystery of a girl putting them on.

But in the end, who cares about the reasons? They're stylish, they're sexy, and more and more girls are wearing them. And you can rest assured we'll be showing you lots of those girls in *Mayfair*...

mayfair hears

Who said that? Mayfair sticks its ear where it doesn't belong

'Men don't live as long as women, so they have to take their opportunities faster.' — Clint Eastwood.

'The only place I have difficulty moving around is in bed.' — Pavarotti.

'The handcuffs and gags work a treat!' — Presenter Jonathon Ross on dealing with his kid.

'Most newspapers are a waste of trees. I'd rather read a tree.' — Shane McGowan of The Pogues.

'Englishmen are actually very bad at making love.' — Dudley Moore.

motoring

FASTER PUSSYCAT

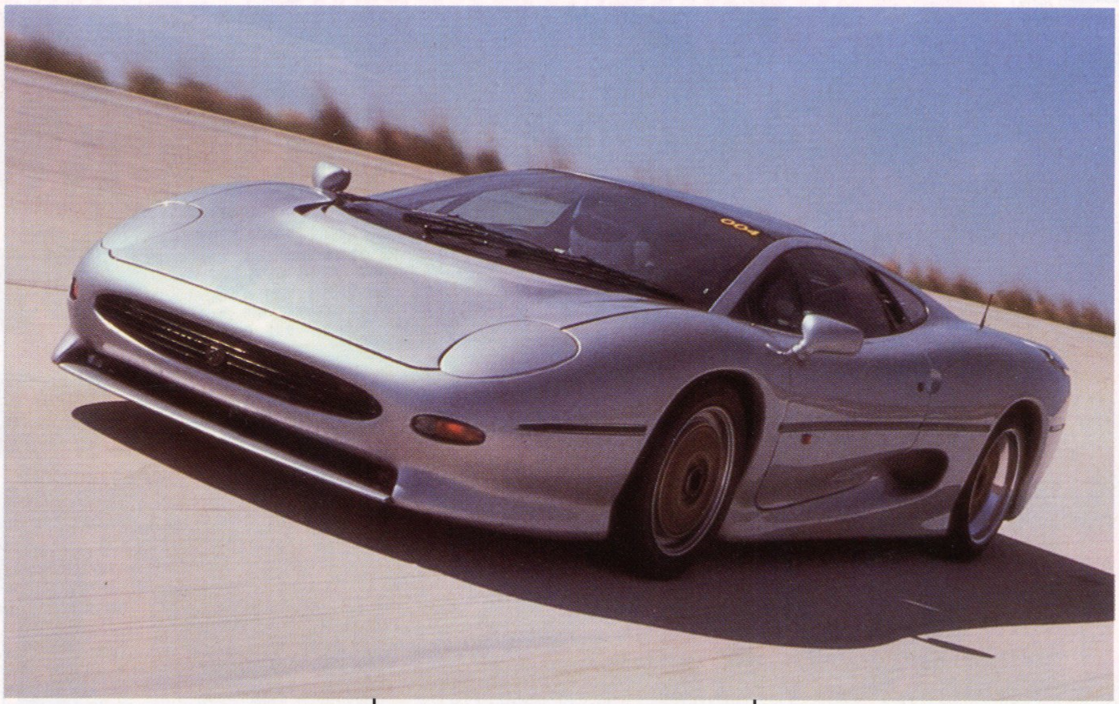
FALLING cats are supposed to land on all four feet, and certainly the biggest cat of them all — Jaguar — is living up to the proverb. The company has had its ups and downs: they've been nationalised, re-privatised and finally acquired by Ford, and to top it all they recently got thrashed by Mazda at Le Mans. Jaguar are undeterred.

The Le Mans disappointment has been offset by undenied rumours of a forthcoming Formula One Jag, and by the company's ultra-high profile pro-celebrity XJR-15 challenge. This three-race series has seen wealthy owners of these beautiful and rare road-racers competing to win no less than $1,000,000 — it's caused more than a little stir and at the same time has done wonders for Jaguar's trackside image.

There were moments when the series has looked like the world's most expensive Wrecker's Ball (of 16 starters at Silverstone, 11 sustained serious damage — one driver complaining that the XJR-15 actually oversteers on the straight) but the fans seem to love it, and Jaguar probably aren't too bothered about the bashing either. For one thing, they don't own the cars so why worry? And for another, they stand to clean up when handing out the bills for rebuilding the damaged ones: prices for parts are high to say the least — £70K for a new nose section, nearly 100 for a back end, and another 16 grand if you bend the doors as well.

The beautiful XJR-15 isn't the company's only good news: following routine testing in the United States, a pre-production prototype of the company's new road car, the XJ220, hit an astonishing 212.3mph, an achievement which will mark it out as the fastest production car in the world when volume production starts later this year.

Allied to the heritage and good name of Jaguar, can such a car fail?



Apparently not, for although the company slated a production run of just 220 (or 350 if demand allowed) they actually received more than 1500 applications the very morning after announcing plans to build the XJ220.

All this despite a price tag of around £370,000, and a deposit of fifty grand up front. You can almost hear the tycoons chirping "Recession? What recession?" Still, if there are any unlucky moneybags out there who missed the boat, they needn't despair: at least one XJ220 is already being offered for re-sale (delivery mileage only with a hefty premium over the starting price), even though the advertiser won't be taking delivery for a year!

V12 engines are generally favoured by the supercar-buying classes (viz the new Bugatti Tipo and the MCA Centenaire, and the still-secret BMW M-Sport design for the McLaren), as indeed they are by traditional Jaguar buyers. It's something of a surprise, therefore, that the XJ220 has just a V6, only the second one to be offered for sale by Jaguar since the company set up shop in the 30s. Many hardcore Jaguar fans have expressed disappointment at the lack of a V12, but worry not: the 3.5 litre unit still manages 500bhp.

Of all-alloy construction, the new engine boasts 24 valves, four camshafts, twin air-air intercoolers and dry sump lubrication, and is clothed by a super-slippery bodyshell. The ensemble is breathtakingly impressive. Advanced materials and construction, using technology derived from both the aerospace industry and the company's extensive track experience, are clearly in evidence. No wonder the Jaguar works drivers who tested the car came away impressed; civilised roadcar it may be, but it looks and feels a lot like its Daddy, the Le Mans XJR-11.

With a strong but lightweight aluminium honeycomb body/chassis combination clothed with light alloy panels and Group C aerodynamics, it comes in at 350kg less than the show car with plenty of downforce and moderate drag. Besides the double-ton-and-then-some top whack, a heavy right foot will see 60mph in under four seconds, and the wrong side of 100mph in less than eight. That's not bad for an endurance racer, and for a roadcar it's spot on.

And unlike so much of the competition, the XJ220 is every inch a roadcar. Offered in both left and right hand drive, the interior is both comprehensively and comfortably equipped with full-adjustable BFA seats, a leather Momo steering wheel and full leather trimmed seats, binnacle, fascia and door casings. Air conditioning is standard, along with heated and electrically adjustable wingmirrors, central locking — and all that stuff.

In other words it's every bit as civilised and composed as any other Jaguar — just a damn sight faster, that's all. And quite a few damn sights more expensive. — *Tony Price*

mayfair reads

Our round-up of the tastiest true stories from the world's press

AQUARIUM owners in Japan who are bored with the way their fish look can now give them a facelift by changing their scales. Marine biologists have taken to doing scale transplants on ugly fish. Surgeons can, they say, create any pattern or shape the owners want, even their initials. The current favourite look — for those that can afford it — is the chessboard effect. Check it out. *Tokyo News*

A CANADIAN armed robber hit on a novel way of making sure that the police didn't shoot him after he got caught holding up a bank in Quebec: he threatened to shoot himself! The thief's getaway car was run off the road by police and as he fled into a nearby park he found himself cornered. As police trained their guns on him he pulled his own pistol out, put it to his head, and threatened to pull the trigger if they came any closer. Police were caught in a stalemate for nearly four hours in freezing temperatures as he demanded an escape route. He finally gave himself up after the long arm of the law offered him some hot food and a blanket. *Toronto Globe*

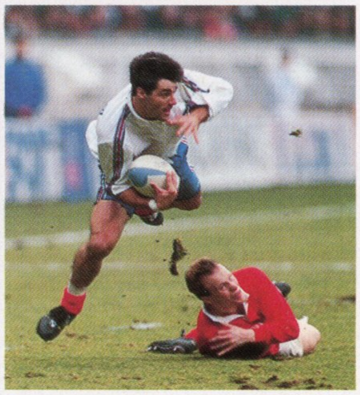
sport

BLACK REIGN

TWENTY-FIVE years ago England won the World Cup, but the ball was a different shape then, and the players kissed every time they scored. I predict that there will be no kissing on October 3rd when the second Rugby Union World Cup kicks off at Twickenham.

Predictions are easy when you haven't got a reputation at stake, so while we're on a roll let's make some more outrageous forecasts. New Zealand will win the Cup. Zimbabwe will not. Japan will be the smallest team, England the oldest, and France the ugliest. Match commentator Bob Symonds will not be able to pronounce the name of a single Romanian player, and ITV anchor man Frank Bough will be wearing pink pyjamas when he comes.

The betting seems to agree, putting the holders, New Zealand, at evens, and the Japanese 2500 to 1 against. Mr Bough has yet to figure. But who's wasting money on favourites and no-hope-holidaymakers from the wrong side of the world? Things get more interesting when the 14 teams in between are considered.



Top: Wallaby Willie Ofahenague hands off Richard Hill. Above: England's Nigel Heslop touches down. Right: Paul Thorburn down and out.

The problem with Rugby Union is that nine out of ten times the side with form wins. So even before the tournament begins, we can dismiss the chances of at least seven of the 16 competing nations. Certainties to go out in the first round are the USA, Italy, Japan, Zimbabwe, Canada, Romania, Western Samoa, and, I'm sorry to say, Wales.

Hapless Welsh coach Ron Waldron, looking forward to the tournament, commented: "I hope there are going to be some surprises and upsets." Ron's surprise came sooner than expected when his disillusioned captain Paul Thorburn quit. Days later an upset Waldron followed him.

Wales are 200 to 1 against winning the Cup; more than generous to a side whose game has been in a nose-dive for the last three years, resulting in their defeat by England at Arms Park. I won't even mention their crushing at the hands of New South Wales.

This drops us into the Second Round before we've even found out where the fuck Western Samoa is.

The Pumas will be seen off in the play-offs where they are almost certain to meet the Scots at Murrayfield and fall to a repeat performance of the 49-3 mauling they received there recently.

Scotland, convincing Grand Slam winners in 1990, are a powerful and mobile side with an experienced pack. As long as they go on winning, they have the advantage of playing at home, a decisive factor against England two years ago. At 11 to one, the Scots are the closest we get to a 'dark horse'.

Frank Bough's choice of underwear aside, if this Cup is to have any controversy it will come courtesy of the temperamental Fijians. This side gave a touring England team a 28-12 scare and may cause some upsets, as could the exciting Irish team ably led by 22-year-old Rob Saunders.

And so to the Big Four: France, Australia, New Zealand and England.

France were beaten finalists four years ago against New Zealand, going down 29-9. However, I doubt that even the elusive footwork of Serge Blanco in his last international appearance, will take them within kicking distance of this final when they meet England in the play-offs.

Australia's odds will shorten dramatically in the days leading up to the Finals. They are an exciting and talented side; Campese, Farr-Jones and world-record kicking Michael Lynagh are at the peak of their careers. In August the Wallabies beat the All Blacks 21 points to 12, then lost 6-3 a fortnight later. When push comes to crunch, Australia will be outclassed both front and back by the All Blacks when they clash in the semis.

And so to the Final where New Zealand and England, will meet on November 2nd at Twickenham; a repeat of the Cup's opening game.

The World Cup was New Zealand's idea in the first place. Perhaps they needed a new challenge. The All Blacks have been beaten only twice in the last five years. Their pack is invincible, their line-out untouchable and their back row inspiring. Let's face it, any team who can afford to sideline the mighty Wayne Shelford must be special.

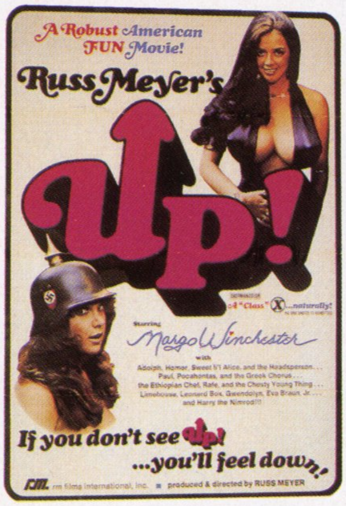
For many, England's chances are summed up by French coach Daniel Dubroca: "If England wish to win the World Cup they must play with their backs more. Carling, Guscott and Underwood are great players with so much speed and skill." Mind you, he's French and we beat them in the Five Nations, so what does he know? Their 40-15 beating by the Wallabies this summer has relieved the pressure of a winning streak and put an end to England's reliance on their pack. Playing before a home crowd England will offer formiddable opposition.

So there you have it, New Zealand to win with England as runners-up. And there's just space for two more predictions: The tournament will be the last truly amateur Rugby World Cup. The next one will surely find many of the big name players on the receiving end of huge appearance fees and sponsorship deals.

And finally, Frank Bough stands more chance of growing his hair back than any of us stand of getting a ticket to see a single game. — *Rob Swift*

THE BETTING MAN'S GUIDE TO THE RUGBY WORLD CUP BY ROB SWIFT

Winners: New Zealand
Runners-Up: England
Losers: Zimbabwe
Smallest Side: Japan
Most Unpronounceable Players: Romania
Oldest Side: England
Ugliest Side: France
Prettiest Player: Jeremy Guscott
Dirtiest Side: Fiji
Joint Champion Sheep-Shaggers: Wales, Australia and New Zealand
Strangest Underwear: Frank Bough
Chances of Getting a Ticket: Nil



art

LORD MEYER

Russ Meyer's films are seldom shown here due to strict censorship. To make amends, Russ is releasing a book from his massive-mammaried movies...

IF YOU expect nudie-cutie movie director Russ Meyer to be shy, reserved or even repentant about his films, boy, have you got the wrong guy. "My films are outrageous," admits Meyer, "with pneumatic women as aggressors and a kind, dumb industrious male hero with an IQ of around 38 who, by and large, usually has some kind of sexual problem."

So why does he only use these amply proportioned amazons? "The ladies in my films are my kind of ladies. They're the only kind that I associate with. I've had three wives who've all been built way off the scale. My current lady friend cannot see her feet when she looks down — that's terribly exciting to me."

That lady friend is Francesca 'Kitten' Natividad, a go-go dancer and sometime actress of awesome chest proportions (seen in all their gargantuan glory in *Mayfair's* Vol 20 No 8). She was with Russ when we caught up with him on a lightning trip to London recently to discuss his new book about his life and movies. Entitled *A Clean Breast,* it contains 2,300 photographs, and should be published next year.

Sadly, shortly after we met Meyer, Kitten excused herself to do her face. "She's something else, isn't she?" he said with a grin. "I always tell her, who the hell's gonna be looking at your face with a body like that?"

Mayer worked as a combat photographer during World War II. "I loved the war," he says, "and hated it when it ended. It was fun. But the damn bomb interfered with that."

Moving easily from big guns to big tits, Meyer left the army to become a successful glamour photographer, eventually directing the groundbreaking *Immoral Mr Teas*, the first ever 'nudie cutie' feature and a film that the *Wall Street Journal* said 'inspired 150 imitations within a year.'

To date Meyer has shot more than 20 features, including the mega-successful *Vixens* (1968), which cost a meagre $76,000 to produce and returned a gross profit of $7.5 million at the box office!

Unfortunately, very few of these are available to UK audiences on video, even though they frequently play Soho grindhouses. Why? "Because you have just abhorrent censorship in this country," he sighs. "We submitted *Up!* and *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens* to the BBFC and they said *Up!* would require 55 cuts and *Ultravixens* about 155 — which would have cut it down from 98 minutes to 43. But I'm glad that my pictures are difficult. It makes them special. I refuse to let them play cut in Britain. My distributor here just cries to think about it. But they must be shown in their entire length."

But the British haven't missed much recently. Russ hasn't made a movie for ten years. His 17-hour magnum opus *The Breast of Russ Meyer* has been put aside for the time being, and replaced with his hefty autobiographical book which should at least reach the UK uncut. "I'm going to sell it for the exorbitant price of around £100," he explains. "It weighs 12 pounds — so it needs a strong man to carry it home from the bookstore — not like one of the guys in my films!"

One hundred quid for several tons of tits sounds good value to us. We can't wait.

mayfair recommends

Our selection of the best entertainment on offer this month

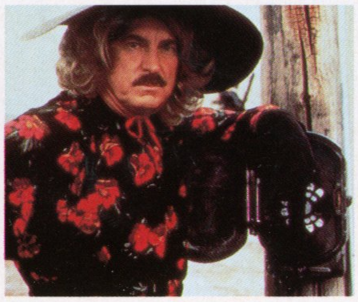
FILM

Blonde Fist stars everyone's favourite bit-of-rough, Margi Clarke acting tough on the street and between the ropes in the boxing ring. The sexy scouser sets about righting wrongs the only way she knows how — with her fists, punching out the neighbourhood bully, her boyfriend's bird and a prison heavy along the way. Well hard.

Flirting Straight from the solubrious setting of a boys' boarding school in St Albans, *Flirting* is a coming-of-age movie about a Jean-Paul Sartre-reading, speech-stuttering freaky-faced dork called Danny (Noah (!) Taylor), who happens upon his female equivalent from the neighbouring girls' school, giving rise to plenty of pubescent passion. Mrs Tom Cruise, Nicole Kidman co-stars in a school uniform.

VIDEO

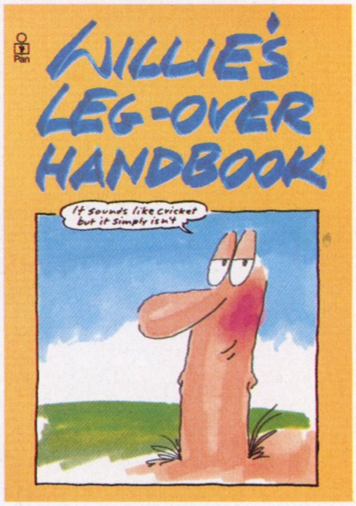
Meet The Applegates looks every inch a film for the under-fives with a Green message the size of the Amazon rain forest; and for the first two minutes it is. But enter the Applegates, a family of man-size beetles metamorphosed into a typical American family, complete with drug-addicted son and pregnant dykey daughter, who've come to save the world by wiping out the human race. Thousands of hilarious jokes and funny effects make this the best video we've seen this year.



TV Classics: **The Saint** If you think *The Saint* is a Scot who appears with Jimmy Greaves, you're obviously too young to remember the role that made Roger Moore a star. Suave and sophisticated, Simon Templar solved crimes on 60s TV. These seminal episodes are essential watching for would-be eyebrow ators everywhere.

BOOKS

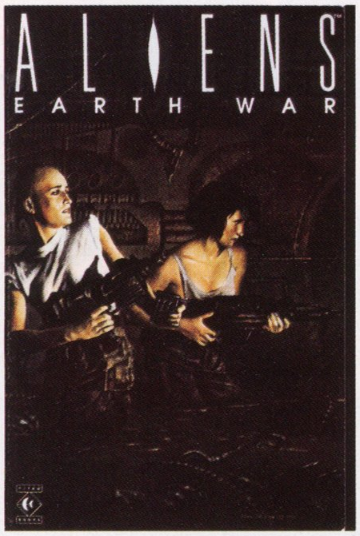
Appetite For Destruction When sycophantic super-ghoul Danny Sugerman singles you out for praise, the odds are your career is on the edge of being over. This embarrassing unauthorised biography of bad boy mental mothers Guns N' Roses elevates them to rock god status, then hits you with a million good reasons to hate them with a vengeance. You can almost hear Sugerman praying for these guys to OD so he can tell his grandchildren he met them.



Willie's Leg-Over Handbook You may think Gray Jolliffe's Willie is a bit of a wanker but it's amazing what the little prick gets away with. Lots of sexcellent tips like: "Warming up exercises and training techniques for giving oral sex involve bending forward at 90 degrees, placing your face on the wall and putting all your weight on it for as long as possible." Willie's certainly no dickhead!

Aliens Vol 3 and **Violent Cases.** The quality of illustration and finely-edited storylines in these graphic novels (that's comics to you and me) takes them closer to cinematic releases than

book publications; the only difference is you can appreciate these in the comfort of your own front room for half the price and without some spotty nerd flicking popcorn down your neck.



CDs

PM Dawn readily admit that they owe more to The Doobie Brothers than The Isley Brothers, shown to full effect on the hit single *Set Adrift On A Memory Bliss*, which samples Spandau Ballet's *True*. All this and not a *Funky Drummer* beat within earshot!

Van Morrison's *Hymns to the Silence* finds arguably Ireland's greatest living poet in a reflective, soul searching mood (just for a change). Songs like *Village Idiot* show that there is life for Van the Man even after doing a dodgy God-song with Cliff Richard!

Lloyd Cole insists he's getting less pretentious as he gets older, which is a pity if *Don't Get Weird On Me, Babe* is anything to go by. The maudlin midlander's latest effort lacks the zap of his debut solo album, though there are still plenty of garbled lyrics for the faithful. And don't play the laconically sexist *She's A Girl* when your tart's about, unless you want to find out if CDs are *really* indestructible...

exclusive! Mathilda May's First Ever Screen Strip-Off

The Snaps She Tried To Hide

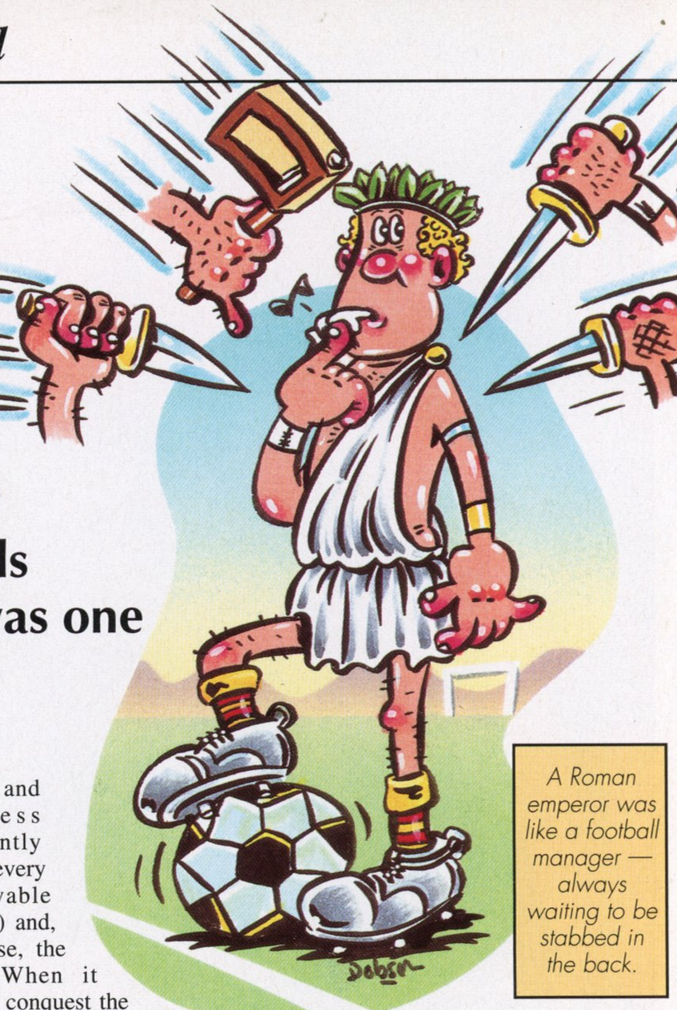
STUNNING Mathilda May stripped off in this summer's sizzling movie *Naked Tango* — and the sophisticated Euro-bimbo claimed it was her first nude role. The 25-year-old screen sexsation said she had made 20 French-language films without taking her clothes off, which would have been something of a European record — if *Mayfair* didn't know otherwise!

Our exclusive snaps are taken from an early appearance in the film *Lifeforce*. It's easy to see why the makers of *Naked Tango* chose Mathilda to star in their outrageously erotic movie, in which she dances in the nude, gives oral sex and makes love on broken glass.

With her Alpine cleavage and a bottom like a freshly-picked Golden Delicious, Mathilda's the sexiest actress to come on the scene for a long while. However, it seems all this sex went to the brown-eyed beauty's head. "Maybe I got too involved..." she says. "I was dreaming about me as the character, and that was scary."

We know the feeling. Ⓜ

Chapter Four: Rome is where the heart is



A Roman emperor was like a football manager — always waiting to be stabbed in the back.

Our seriously funny series finds genial genealogist Professor Stefan Backwards fiddling in ancient Rome, where life was one long night of no-holes-barred orgies. Togaaaaaaaaaaaaa...

Rome is situated on seven hills, the so-called Rome summits which politicians are constantly droning on about. The old adage has it that 'Rome was not built in a day.' This is true. It was built in a day and a half by Barraticus the Builder. Which probably explains why the Coliseum is falling to bits, has a toilet the size of a telephone box and walls as thin as the seat of an accountant's trousers. Because of their poor housing Romans did everything communally. They had communal baths and communal lavatories. As a result of the latter Roman men had a reputation for ungentlemanly conduct — they never stood up when a lady entered the room.

The Romans' other communal activity was sex. An orgy in Ancient Rome was a splendid affair (In fact, it's still quite good in modern Rome, or anywhere else for that matter). We can glean this from a brief glance at that popular Latin tome *Janus Ashericus' Book of Orgy Hints & Cakes*, the pop-up version of which was a best-seller amongst unmarried Roman ladies. Ashericus' book contains delicious recipes for Viennese Finger, French Fancy, Swiss Roll, Muffin and a full range of flavoured body oils. Little wonder that most Roman men were said to be gladiators. Or that the Lays of Ancient Rome are still studied in our universities.

Sex was not the only type of sport that interested the citizens of Rome. The Coliseum featured the chariot Grand Prix (an event named after Ben Hur's favourite stallion), gladiatorial combat, competition slimming (whose participants would toast the Emperor with the immortal words, "We who are about to diet salute you!") and feeding people to the lions.

Brilliant Feats Of Roman Engineering

Viaduct — Road bridge
Aqueduct — canal bridge
Toiletduct — squeezy plastic thing used to clean right under the rim

In later years this last event was replaced by something even more cruel and repellant — *New Faces* with Tony Hatch.

But Rome's magnificence was not built on public toilets, sadistic sports and rampant carnality alone. There was also the senate, and congress (frequently and in every conceivable position) and, of course, the army. When it came to conquest the Roman Army was a splendid tool, firm, up-standing and unwavering. Its strength lay in its Legions, fighting men drawn from across the Empire: the Dacian Legion, the Spanish Legion and, most feared of all, the British Legion, who terrorised opponents with startling renditions of *Roll Out The Barrel* and *We'll Meet Again*.

The Roman Army's most famous campaign was the Pubic War, fought against the North African state of Cartilage, whose ruler Hasiballs came across the Alps with a jumbo. The two great armies met at Po in 126 BC. The Roman general Telecom Meanicus (so-called because he was always trying to reverse the charges) won the day, catching Hasiballs' rear with a pincer movement (a tactic still used by Romans to this day, though usually only on female tourists).

Vidal the Permer and his barbarians launched one terrifying range of hair care products after another.

Gaul Blather Operation

Following their victory over the Cartilaginians, the Legions, now under the command of Julius Caesar, marched into Gaul. Gaul was ruled by the footballing king, Hatrix and his wife Dominatrix (who was terribly fond of dominoes). At first Hatrix sent his son, Brianrix, to negotiate with Caesar. Unfortunately the young man annoyed the Roman commander by hiding in his wife's closet wearing nothing but a pair of polka-dot boxer shorts. His ire aroused, Caesar set about subjugating the Gauls. This proved a simple operation. As Caesar was to write at the time, "Vini, Vidi, Vici" (I came, I saw, I conquered — though not necessarily in that order). Now it was the turn of Belgium. This proved more difficult. Caesar commented, "Vini, Vidi, Yawni" (I came, I saw, I got bored and went home). Back in Rome Julius was keen to tell everyone he met about his great triumph. After six

Illustrations by Phil Dobson

weeks Rome was so fed up with Caesar's Gaul blather that they made him Emperor. This might seem like a reward rather than a punishment but nothing could be further from the truth. A Roman emperor was like a football manager — always waiting to be stabbed in the back. Just after he had begun his acceptance speech with the words, "Friends, Roman, Countrymen, lend me your ears", and Vincentus Van Goghicus had taken things a little too literally, a bunch of senators sprang out and did him in. Caesar perished with the immortal words "Et tu Brute", which roughly translated means, "I knew I was done for when the board gave me that vote of confidence."

The Emperor who followed Julius Caesar was Caligula. Caligula made his horse prime minister. This was seen as a sign of madness. Nowadays it doesn't seem like such a bad idea.

Mastabatus succeeded Caligula. He was the Emperor who fiddled with himself while Rome burned. He also murdered his mother, killed his brother-in-law, poisoned his wife, married his sister and had a torrid affair with a wire-haired dachshund called Heidi. Generally, for a Roman Emperor, he was pretty well behaved.

Next came Ubiquitous. Ubiquitous seemed to be everywhere. It was he who introduced the Empire's fantastic road network. It was said that "all roads lead to Rome" (damned fortunate if your firm sent you to Swindon). Still, despite their efficiency it seems that even in those days there were traffic problems. A sheaf of documents recently discovered at Hadrian's Wall warn travellers on the Roman A1 to avoid the Derby turn-off, or Edwina Curricus as she was known then. Such problems were heightened by Queen Boadicea, who insisted on travelling everywhere in a scythed chariot. Little wonder that women drivers earned such a bad reputation.

A Horde Hits Through The Grape Vines

But all this fun and frolics could not continue. Soon great hordes of barbarians were sweeping through the Roman vineyards and falling upon the city as violently as American tourists upon a pile of "Ye Olde Cotswolde Tartan Kimonos" in Harrods' sale. The barbarians were stupid, offensive and loved horses. In fact they were quite a lot like the British aristocracy, except they had bigger chins and none of them were called Hugo.

The first sign that things were going wrong occurred at the Daftoldberger Forest in Germanica. At dawn thousands of semi-naked Germans charged down the hillside and swept aside the waiting legions.

> ## Great Viking Discoveries
> If you don't shave, you get a beard.
> Too much beer makes you sick.
> A blow on the head with a large hammer makes people fall over.
> You could put someone's eye out with that spear.
> America.

It is believed they were in a mad hurry to put their towels down on the seats by the swimming pool before anyone else was up.

The news that the legions were not invincible quickly spread to other tribes. Vlad the Impaler and his barbarians, yelling their war cry "The post's in the Czech" launched attack after attack. Vidal the Permer and his barbarians, shouting "Something for the weekend, ducky?" launched one new range of hair care products after another, and Attila the Hen egged on his brood to produce an unnerving clucking noise.

Under this sustained pressure the great Empire began to crumble. Faced with certain defeat the Romans considered their options: they could throw one last, great massive orgy, or escape disguised as nuns. They chose the latter course, and so it can truly be said that Rome went out, not with a bang, but a wimple.

Dark Age Tribes

Saxons — so called because they dressed in old carrier bags. Their cousins, the Saxones, were a lot of old cobblers (*A bit like this article — the Editor*).
Franks — With their war cry of "Fuck off you baldy bastard", the Franks certainly lived up to their name. Their King, Natwest, dressed in golden armour and was known to his terrified opponents as 'The Glistening Frank'.
Moors — From North Africa, they invented the telescope and discovered the planets. A breakaway group, the North York Moors, invented the flat cap and discovered sheep-worrying.
Normans — Descendants of the great clan of Sidendoris. The Normans eventually merged with the Franks. The Frank-Normans wrote several successful musicals.

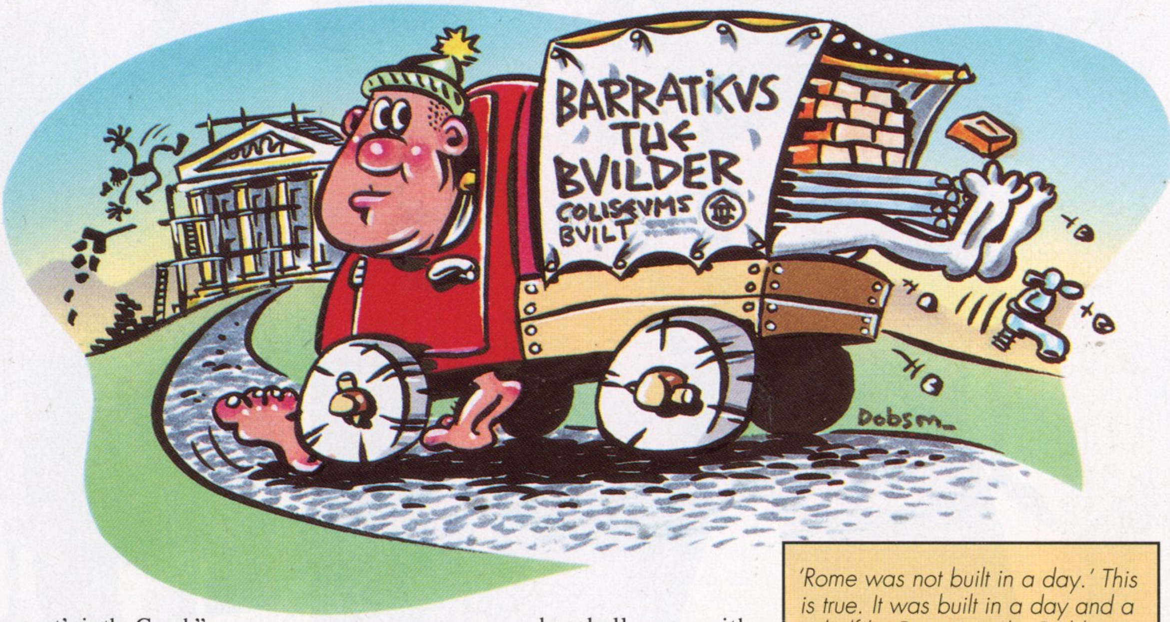
Wodin It Be Nice...

After the collapse of Rome came the Dark Ages. In the Dark Ages nothing really happened. Except in Belgium where nothing definitely happened.

The most famous people to emerge during this period were the Vikings. The Vikings wore horned helmets (and by that I don't mean those baseball caps with dildos on the front which Dutch tourists seem to find so hilarious) and lived in Scandinavia. They were a jolly, fun-loving lot who were always throwing parties (and axes). Folks came from miles around to attend these Fjord Fiestas.

The Vikings undertook great voyages which they celebrated in long-winded poems. This tradition of Saga Holidays continues to this day — although whether a longship full of Vikings is more terrifying than a coachload of OAPs from Aberfeldy is another matter. The Vikings set off on their trips in the springtime. Contrary to popular belief they were not rapacious. Women gave themselves freely to the Norse warriors because of the old adage that, "A Lars in May helps you work, rest and play."

The Vikings were great explorers. They discovered a land covered in ice and snow and named it Greenland. The man responsible for this was a pale, dark fellow called Eric the Red.



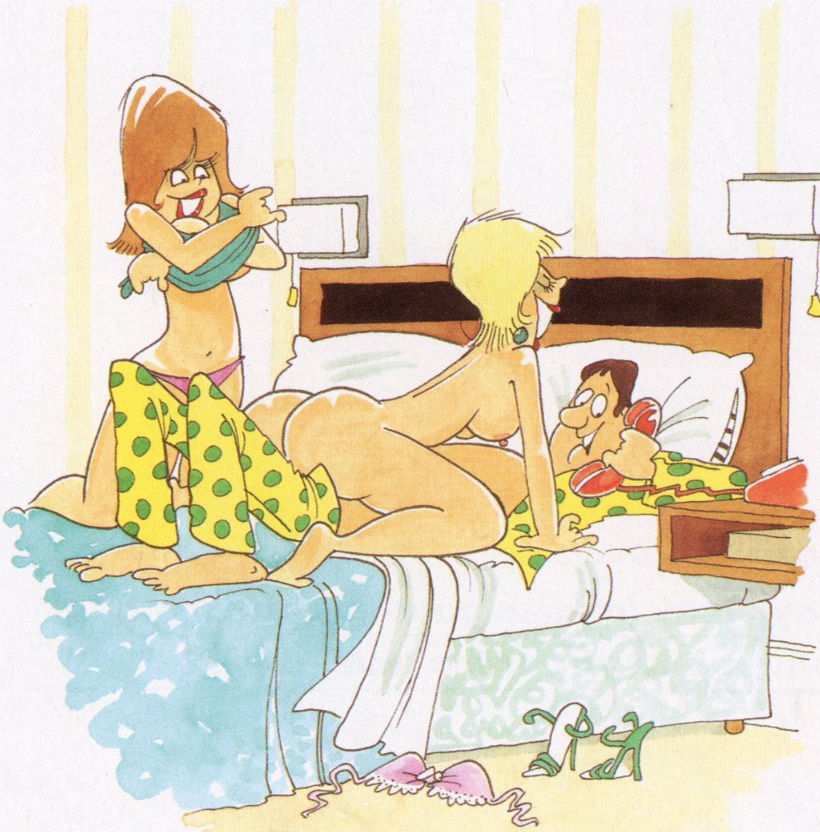
'Rome was not built in a day.' This is true. It was built in a day and a half by Barraticus the Builder.

Eventually they discovered America and all buggered off there to set up Volvo dealerships. Ⓜ

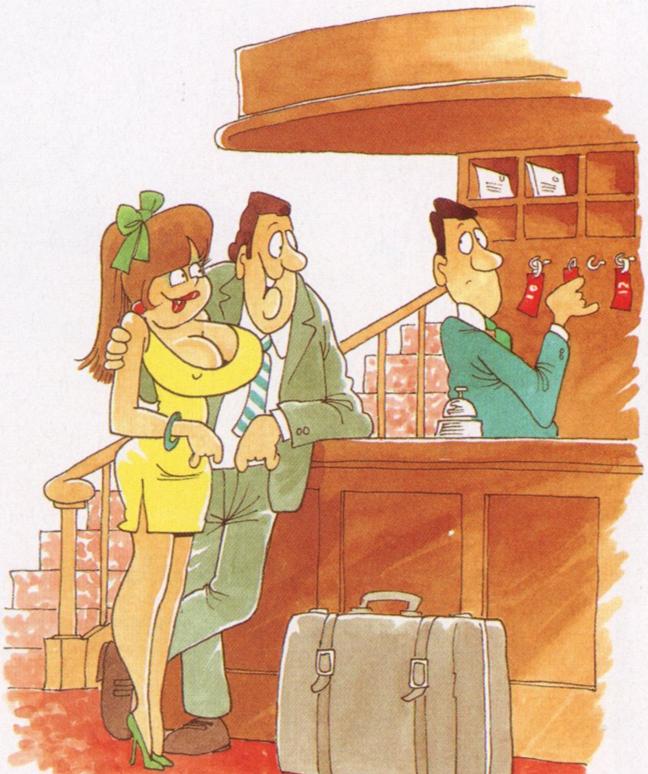
> ## Professor Stefan Backwards' Time Traveller's Guide.
> **Part IV — Rome & the Dark Ages.**
> Currency: Mainly gold, but in Rome a 'flexible friend' can come in handy. Especially at one of those orgies where they give cash prizes for the most inventive position.
> What should I wear?: In Rome, toga, sunglasses and tight trousers are de rigeur. In the Dark Ages things are a little more formal — paint your erogenous zones blue and go as you are.
> Nightlife: In Rome the Hippodrome is the in place, but take care — last year a tourist was eaten by one of the hippos. Dark Age night life is best avoided unless you're terribly fond of ritual goat slaughter.
> Sex: Sophisticated groups antics in Rome, more primitive in the Dark Ages. Women who long to be pounced upon by someone muscular, horny, hairy and clad in animal pelts are advised to check carefully — what appears to be the Norse warrior of your dreams may be a short-sighted billy goat.
> Summary: For those who desire beauty, culture and a full range of sensual pleasure Rome is a top destination. For lads who simply require a large amount of beer and a good punch-up, Viking Denmark is highly recommended.

'...Er, Missionary position... Doggie style... Oral...'

'It didn't take you long to ring for room service'



'Hello, reception? I'd like to cancel my early morning call'



'I'm not worried about the room having a view... I've brought my own'

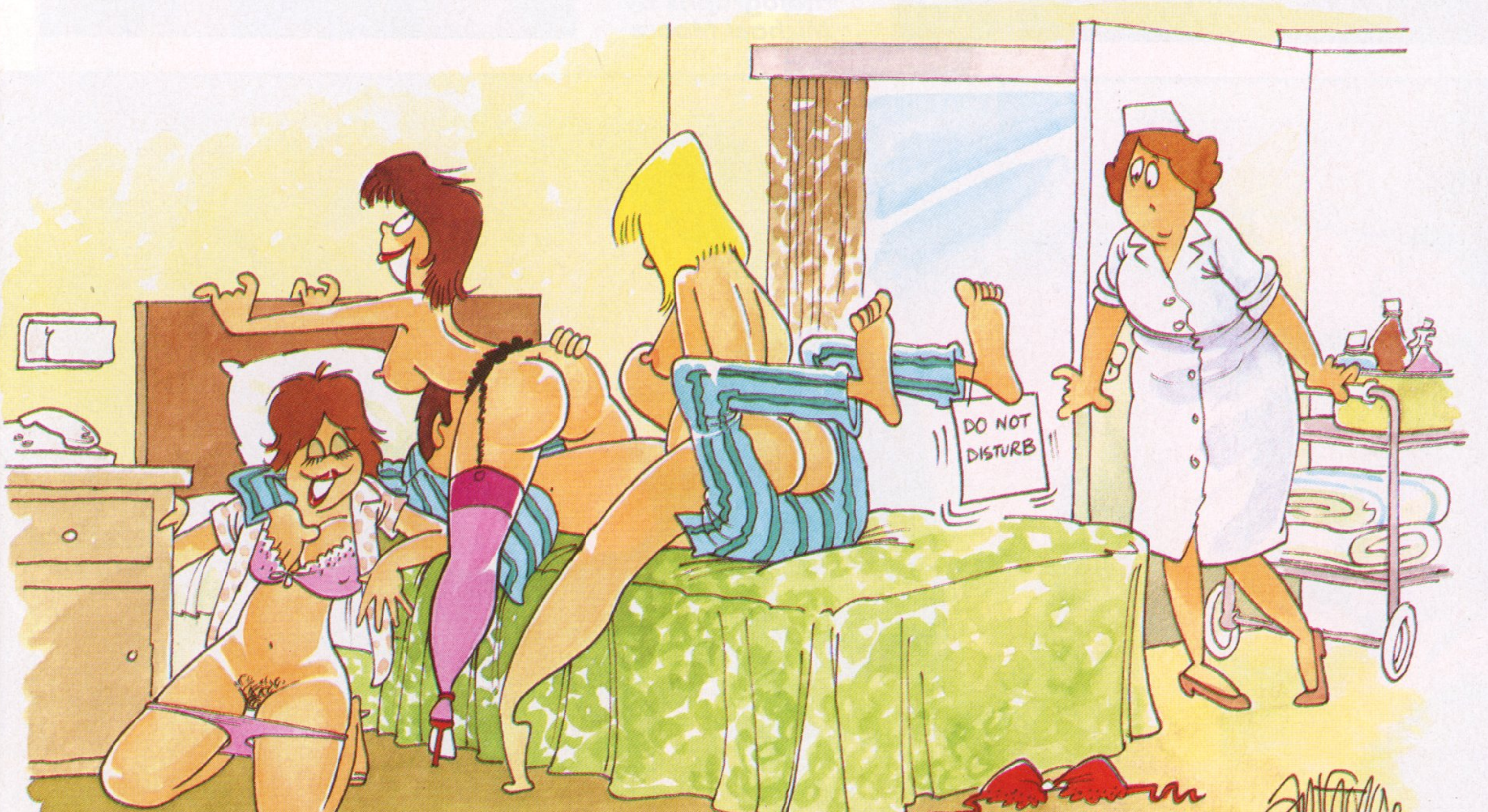
'Quick, open the door! We just might make it in time'...

Hotels aren't just places to stay: They 're also good for playing and laying. Cartoonist Anthony reports from the hotel Bristols.

Room with a Screw

'Will there be anything else, Madam?'

'Ahem!'



The erotic dreams which men and women experience during sleep often have a profound effect on their sex lives. Quest examines the dreams of three respondents, and discovers whether they decided to act upon the desires of their subconscious.

Quest

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Quest: You've only had a couple of lovers, haven't you?
Miss S: Yes, I've never been one for sleeping around. My friend used to lay a different bloke every week, and she'd tell me all about it in graphic detail. But that was never right for me.
Quest: But when you reached the age of 20, when you were still a virgin, you became subject to some very powerful erotic dreams...
Miss S: Yes, at first they frightened me a little because I was so abandoned in the sex I was having in those dreams, that I'd almost not recognise myself from them. And I'd always wake up feeling very aroused – often with my hand down at my pussy as if I'd been touching myself in my sleep – and I'd be wet and

generally feeling really horny. And, for a few moments, the dream would have been so vivid that I'd think it had really happened. Before I knew it I'd be masturbating furiously, my fingers working my clitty, pushing in and out of my wet love hole, until I'd be biting my lip as I came so as not to wake up the rest of the household. I always felt shattered afterwards, but in a very pleasant way.
Quest: There was one particular dream which you had on a regular basis, wasn't there?
Miss S: Yes, I had this dream on and off for about two years.

The dream would start with me in a forest in winter. It would be dark and there'd be snow falling. Although I'd only be wearing a skimpy nightdress and no shoes, somehow I wouldn't be cold. In the dream I'd been walking for some time, until I came to a clearing where there would be a cottage. I knew someone was in because there was smoke coming out of the chimney and some animals in the garden.

I suppose all this sounds like a children's fairy tale – I dread to think what a psychiatrist would make of it all! Anyway, I'd go up to the door and just push it open and walk in. There'd be a loaf of bread and some cheese on the table and I'd eat some of it, and then I'd spot a huge tin hipbath on the floor in front of the fire, so without hesitating I'd undress myself and get

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Miss S
Sex.... Female
Age.... 24
Town of origin.... Farnham
Other details.... This brunette administrator has had only very limited sexual experiences, but frequently has extremely powerful erotic dreams which indicate a high sex drive.

in. Somehow there'd be bubbles in the water and I'd be lying there, my face steaming, bubbles covering me, and this really langorous feeling would come over me. I don't know whether it was from the heat of the water or the peacefulness that the whole dream had, but I'd lie back and start to touch myself very slowly.

I'd start with my breasts, soaping them and rubbing the bubbles into the soft skin around

Quest

my nipples. I can almost feel the tingles that would go through me then. Going further, I'd work the bubbles all over my stomach, feeling it tighten and the tingles getting harder. Then I'd open my legs and push my fingers in between them, I'd be wet and juicy, then I'd raise my hips out of the water so that I could feel the warm air drying my pussy, and I'd start to frig myself.

This part of the dream always lasted for ages, and I'd be really giving it my all, panting loudly, calling out and really losing myself in the enjoyment of pleasuring my own body. Just as I'd be about to come in the dream, I'd hear someone coming into the cottage and they'd catch me masturbating. Sometimes it would be a man, sometimes a woman, but always someone I knew in real life. I've had many an embarrassing moment when the day after one of these dreams, I've bumped into the person I dreamt of the night before!

Usually it would be a man, and he'd come over – and suddenly, from being fully clothed when he walked through the door, he'd be naked and bending over the edge of the bath to lick and suck my pussy into submission.

Neither of us would speak as he brought me to a climax, but I'd be writhing about in the tub, my hips lifting up as high as I could so that he could push his tongue right up me and make me come. Then he'd lift me out of the bath and without putting me down he'd wrap my legs around his hips and push his penis right up me. Of course, if I was dreaming about a woman this was where the dream would differ and she'd kneel in front of me and lick out my pussy till I could barely stand with the ecstasy of it. But the dream always ended at the same point – just as I was about to climax, which is why I always woke up feeling very randy.

Quest: You had these dreams very frequently: did they make you come to any decision?

Miss S: I tried to think if there could be any explanation for them, and finally I decided it must mean that I was ready to have sex. That seems obvious now, but at the time, with me being a virgin, I was probably trying not to think about that side of my sexuality.

Quest: Did your dreams have any impact on what you decided to do about your sexual situation?

Miss S: After they'd become so frequent that I'd have them perhaps once or twice a night, I didn't take any conscious decision that I was going to go out and look towards losing my virginity, but I suppose that I must have been more open towards it as an idea. At the time I was sharing a house with a group of fellow students, and I knew one of the blokes, Nigel, really fancied me. He always made it very obvious, and so I finally decided that I would let him be the one to take my virginity.

I set up the whole thing very carefully, and because by then I'd become used to my dream I took the idea for the whole scenario from there. I made sure I was at home when I knew Nigel would be there alone, and then I went to the bathroom and filled up the bath with hot water and bubbles. I lay in there for a few moments, relaxing with the feeling of the warm water and bubbles rubbing softly all over me. Then, quite deliberately, I started stroking my pussy, my legs spread on each side of the bath, so that Nigel would have a good view of me when he came in as planned.

I let myself get really aroused before calling out to him that I'd left my towel in my bedroom and could he bring it to me. When he came along he tried to get away with just holding it through the gap in the door, but I called him in. He had a great view of me naked, my fingers working away at my clit, my legs showing him the juicy folds of my pussy.

"I know you want to screw me, Nigel," I told him straight to his face, "so just do it."

In seconds I was lifted out of the bath and, just like in my dream, I was wrapped around his hips and writhing against him. I reached down and pushed down his zip so that his trousers dropped to his knees, and pulled his penis up out of his underpants so that he could push it up me.

He was very experienced, because even though he could feel me coming he held back himself. When my moans quitened down he laid me back on the bathroom floor and slowly pulled his penis out of me, leaving me with my legs wide open and my pussy exposed to him.

"You're quite a little exhibitionist, aren't you?" he said. "Go on, then – play with your pussy." I was in such a haze by this time that I just did what he said, pushing one hand between my legs and rubbing my clitty while I pulled my nipples with the other.

I started to let my legs fall back to the floor, but he grabbed my ankles and pushed them up again. "No, you don't," he said. "I'm going to see everything here." I had no choice but to go on masturbating in front of him.

Pretty soon I knew I was going to come, and I was desperate for him to fuck me again. "Please..." I said, and that was all I had time for: he picked me up, turned me over and propped me over the bath with my bottom in the air. But instead of entering me straight away, he teased me for a few seconds, running his penis up and down my slit.

I moaned and wriggled, trying to get him inside me, and finally he entered me. I felt like I was exploding! But that was just the first: he screwed me for half an hour at least, and it seemed like the orgasms would never stop. At last he pulled out and spurted his come all over my bottom, and I collapsed over the bath, exhausted. What a way to lose your virginity!

Quest: And you think you have your dreams to thank for that?

Miss S: Definitely – if I hadn't had such a clear picture of the scene in my mind I don't think I'd have dared go through with it!

Quest: Thank you.

"I know you want to screw me, Nigel," I told him straight to his face, "so just do it."

Quest

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Mr L
Sex.... Male
Age.... 31
Town of origin.... Hereford
Other details.... Twice married Mr L has always dreamed very vividly of encounters involving group sex since he became sexually aware.

Quest: Like Miss S, your dreams began when you were still sexually inexperienced, but have continued unabated as your level of sexual activity has increased, haven't they?

Mr L: Yes, and they've become more explicit. At first, when I was about 18, I would dream of sexual encounters of various kinds, but there was no pattern to them. Sometimes the women involved would be people that I knew, sometimes not: one dream might have me having my cock sucked by a pretty nurse while I was lying helpless in a plaster cast in hospital, while another might have me dressed up as Tarzan or Superman, making love to Jane or Lois Lane or whoever it was.

But as I got older my dreams would get more surreal, and at the same time more erotic than ever before. And I began to notice a pattern in them – that in all the dreams I was seduced by a couple or a group of women whom I'd never met or seen before.

Quest: Would you give us an example of the type of dream which you were experiencing?

Mr L: Usually what would happen was pretty much the same sequence of events. The places where the encounters took place would vary – sometimes I'd be in my office stretched out on my desk, and the new temp would be sucking my cock, and then one of the other secretaries would come in and perch on my face so that I could tongue her fanny, or sometimes I'd be at home and a beautiful pair of market researchers would call round at the house and seduce me. But my favourite was the one where I was be lying with my leg in plaster in a hospital ward, unable to sleep though it was the middle of the night. I called for the pretty nurse on duty to bring me a glass of water. When she came over she pulled the curtains around my bed, I thought to stop us from waking everyone else, but instead she immediately started undressing.

Under her uniform she'd only be wearing skimpy little white panties and a half-cup bra. I could see how aroused she was as her nipples were standing out like acorns and her pussy must have been wet, because it had made the gusset of her panties see-through. The next thing I knew she had mounted the bed and was kneeling over my face, pulling the pantie gusset aside so that I could sink my tongue right into her juicy, wet fanny.

I tongued her hard and flicked the tip of my tongue over her love button, and she was just beginning to climax when I heard the curtains being flung open and the strict sister was standing there glaring at us.

Her face looked stern but then I saw that she wasn't looking at the nurse but at my cock. Next thing she was giving me a good tug as I carried on licking the nurse's fanny, urging me on and wanking me harder. It was always at this point in that dream that I'd wake up, and find that I'd come, or was about to.

One night I'd come in late from the pub, and I knew my wife and her friend Sandra were upstairs asleep, having been out by themselves. I decided to sleep on the sofa so as not to wake them, and was out like a light straight away. Obviously I must have been having a particular variation on this dream,

In all the dreams I was seduced by a couple or a group of women

and I woke up at the usual point, when the sister was masturbating me – and was about to start wanking myself off when I heard giggling. It turned out that my wife and Sandra were in the room watching me!

They couldn't have missed the state of arousal that I was in. I was still half asleep, so I didn't make any protest as Sandra came up close to me and said to my wife, "He's got a beautiful cock, hasn't he? Look how hard and stiff it is." I could barely believe my ears when I heard my wife say to Sandra that if she was that desperate for some cock, then she should have some while I was there ready for it.

It seemed just like in my dream. In fact, the whole thing seemed so vivid afterwards that I didn't know whether it was just another of those dreams I'd been plagued with. I lay there in my boxer shorts as Sandra pulled her nightshirt over her head and stood there in front of me, totally nude and with her legs slightly apart. I thought she might not do anything but my wife urged her on, telling her that she wanted to watch. Then she plumped up the cushions behind me so that I was lying right back on them, and said: "Get on top of him, Sandra. Slide his cock right up you!"

My cock was straining out of my shorts now, and Sandra reached down and pulled them off. My balls were so tight I was afraid they'd explode, and behind Sandra I could see my wife was fingering herself with excitement.

Sandra straddled me and raised her fanny right up so that I could see how wet she was. She pulled the folds apart with her fingers and let me see right inside her before she sank down on to my stiff cock and started riding me for all she was worth.

I was getting the most fantastic orgasmic sensations shooting right through my groin and up to the tip of my cock, and I could feel Sandra's pussy walls really hugging me inside her. She was bouncing so hard that her big boobs were flying everywhere, and I reached up to play with the nipples, tweaking them

Quest

hard. She yelled out with pleasure and orgasmed for the first time.

I could feel my cock twitching and I knew I would soon have to shoot my load, but I was in for even more of a treat as my wife came over, took off her nightie and crouched over my face so that I could suck her fanny. I really gave it hard pressure from my mouth, just the way I know she likes it, and as I was doing that and Sandra was still riding my cock they faced each other and started kissing really passionately, opening their mouths wide so that I could see their tongues going into each other's mouths. The sight of that and their boobs banging together as they rode me, one on my face and the other on my cock, made me come in torrents inside Sandra's fanny, as my wife climaxed from my tonguing.

Afterwards my wife confessed that they hadn't really planned that threesome, but they'd heard me calling out rude words and sex talk in my sleep, and one thing had led to another. Happily for me, we're planning another session soon.

Quest: So your dreams were really an expression of what you wanted to achieve in your waking sex life?

Mr L: Certainly – and now it looks as if I'll be able to achieve all my goals!

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Mrs G
Sex.... Female
Age.... 31
Town of origin.... Newcastle
Other details.... This divorcee works as a nurse for the elderly and has had several recurring erotic dreams which have significantly affected her sex life.

Quest: You don't generally get erotic dreams often, do you?

Mrs G: No, but the few that I've had have been significant to what's been happening in my sex life at the time. I don't know what it is – there seems to be some kind of really close connection between my subconscious desires and what comes out in my dreams.

Quest: Would you tell us the one particular dream which first alerted you to this side of your sexual nature?

Mrs G: I was 22, and had been married for three years. I'd married too young, really, my husband had been my childhood sweetheart. We were both virgins when we married, and were pretty ignorant about sex. I only became knowledgable about sex and my body when I started doing my nursing training and had to study anatomy for it. So our sex life had never been very satisfying, and I don't think I'd ever orgasmed in my life.

I began to enjoy it when I could get a secret look at her body as she towelled herself off

After I qualified as a nurse my marriage broke up, and I moved out of the flat and into the nurse's home at the hospital. There I started off sharing a flat with a woman called Susan, but when she moved in with her boyfriend another nurse, Cathy moved in.

I soon found myself getting excited when Cathy was around. I began to enjoy it when I could get a secret look at her body as she towelled herself off in the bathroom, seeing how the water dripped down her legs as she worked her way down with the bath towel and dried herself.

The biggest turn-on for me was when she would let me trim her hair. I'd spend ages washing and conditioning it, then brushing it all out, cutting and drying it off. I'd be so excited then I could barely stand still to do it!

One night I awoke after the most erotic dream I'd ever had. I was feeling very aroused. As I masturbated and brought myself to a climax, I remembered what I'd dreamt about.

Cathy had been in the shower when I'd burst in. The steam seemed to be everlasting but I walked through it all and opened the door of the shower unit. She held out her arms to me and we kissed, my hand working its way down her smooth thighs as she thrust her pussy against my hand. In the dream I grabbed the soap from her and rubbed it all over her breasts. All this time she hadn't said a word, just accepted my advances as if she'd been waiting all her life for it.

"Tell me what you want me to do," I said.

I could see her eyes glittering and then she started barking out orders. "Down on your knees," she said, "and suck my pussy."

I must have been trembling in my sleep, the sensation seemed so powerful as in slow motion I went down on her and tasted her pussy, licking it with light strokes until she was bending her knees so as to force her pussy as hard on to my face as possible. I saw myself reach down between my legs at the same time and masturbate myself with the soap.

It was at that point that I woke up, feeling very frustrated, and frigged myself off. I wanted to yell out with pleasure, but I knew I would wake Cathy if I did, and just then I wasn't quite ready for her to know what I'd dreamed.

The dream had a really strong effect on me; I became determined that somehow Cathy would be told or find out how I felt about her. Eventually I plucked up the courage to tell her one night when we'd had a few drinks – and to my surprise she confessed that she'd been feeling the same way too, but felt embarrassed to bring up the subject with me in case I rejected her. I told her about my dream then, and suggested that we go for a shower.

We relaxed totally under the warm spray, and were kissing each other just as I'd pictured. I then told her how, in my dream, she had been the dominant partner and how much the thought of that had turned me on, particularly as that scenario is so unlike both of us, Cathy being pretty shy. As I slid down her body and started sucking on her pussy she started telling me exactly what she wanted me to do.

"Suck my clit," she told me, "then push your fingers right up inside me. I want you to make me come so hard that I'll hardly be able to stand." I did what she told me, first sucking her clitoris and running my tongue over the bud, then pushing a finger up her pussy.

"Not just one," she barked out. "Push three fingers up my pussy. I want you to fill me."

I didn't know if I could, but I slowly started to push three fingers into her. She was tight, but so wet that it wasn't too difficult: soon I had them almost all the way in.

"Now fuck me with your fingers," Cathy said. "I want you to screw me like a man, while you suck me like a lesbian." I couldn't believe I was hearing all this dirty talk, but I loved it! I finger-fucked her and sucked her pussy as hard as I could, ramming my fingers in and out of her until she screamed out with her orgasm.

That evening we fucked each other three or four times, and we carried on making love all the time we shared that flatlet together.

Quest: That wasn't the only occasion where your instincts have shown themselves in your dreams, is it?

Mrs G: There was another occasion when I really fancied this guy who I saw at the bus-stop every day. It had got to the eye contact stage, where we'd recognize each other and smile, but nothing else. I used to arrive at work in a real state of excitement – one morning I'd even sat next to him on the bus, though we didn't speak, and I was so aroused when I got to work that I sat on the loo and frigged my

Quest

clitty until I came. That night I had a dream about him too, which finally made me decide that I had to satisfy myself with him.

The dream was a fairly straightforward sex scene, where I was waiting at the bus-stop, and instead of him being there he drew up in a huge car. He leaned out and asked if he could give me a lift. I told him no, but he could certainly give me something else! Then the dream seemed to jump a couple of frames, and next minute he was holding me up against the bus-stop, pulling my panties aside so that he could push his cock right up me. It seemed to be huge, and penetrated so far up me that I was almost gasping for breath. I woke up just as he'd come, and his spunk was dripping down the inside of my thighs.

The next time I saw him on the bus I blushed, but the crunch came about a week later, when I was off duty and drove past my bus-stop – to see him standing there. It was a reversal of my dream as I stopped the car and asked if I could give him a lift. We ended up making a date for that evening, and when I went to pick him up I loved the way his eyes roved over my body and he looked as if he couldn't wait have it away with me.

The whole date was just leading up to the sex that both of us knew was going to end the night – finally, he made me pull over in the driveway of his flats, and we started to fondle each other. He was murmuring what a randy girl I was, how he wanted to fuck me and he'd do anything I wanted. So I thought of my dream and told him that I wanted him to fuck me up against the big elm tree in the front garden of the flats.

Next thing I knew I was backed against the bark and my stilettoes were digging into the lawn as he gently pulled my legs apart and pulled my panties down to my ankles. His cock was hard already, and the next minute it was right the way up me. I loved the feeling of his rough shafting as he fucked me hard. It didn't take him long to come, and I carried on writhing against him as I rubbed my clitty on to his pubes to make myself climax.

It turned out that he was as much of a fan of dirty sex as I was – and we've been happily fucking each other rigid since then. It took me a few months to confess it was all thanks to the dream I'd had that I'd made a move on him though.

Quest: Thank you. Ⓜ

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INSIDE JOB

What do you give a man who has everything? Lee is about to find out... by Reed Manning

It was a late Tuesday night when Lee pulled up to the front door of his mansion. He hopped out of his Mercedes, locked it and set the alarm, then crossed the wide lawn and climbed the stone steps.

A huge package sat on his portico. It measured five feet high and wide and at least twelve feet long, and was wrapped in elegant wrapping paper festooned with hearts. Low music filtered out of it.

"What the hell is this?" Lee asked out loud. Spotting a tag, he raised it into the moonlight. It read "Happy Birthday, Lee! Love, Gayle."

"Well, bugger me!" Lee said with a smile. It was five days until his birthday, and there would be a big bash that day to celebrate. But if his girl friend wanted to give him something ahead of schedule, that was just fine.

He ripped away the paper. A crate emerged. One end clearly formed a door, with hinges and a slit for a handle. He opened it.

A naked woman lay there, legs wide.

A flea could have blown him over with a single breath. He blinked. The scene didn't dissolve. There really was a naked lady inside, enticingly arranged across a soft mat. Two battery-powered lamps displayed her curves and crevices, yet neither burned so brightly as to spoil the ambience. The mood music came from a portable radio/cassette player.

Strangest of all, a sheet was suspended from the far upper corners of the crate. The fabric was neatly tied around the woman's neck. All he could see of her head was a halo of hair and vague shadows under her brows and nose.

"Happy birthday, Lee. I'm your special present," the woman said.

"You're kidding me," Lee said, and laughed.

"It's the truth. But only if you don't see who I am. Deal?"

He still couldn't quite believe it, but he sure wasn't going to argue. Gayle was a better woman than he thought, to arrange a little something extra on the side.

It had to be a trick. Maybe Gayle wanted to convince him that she wouldn't be a jealous bitch if they got married. He knew that kind of scam – as soon as the vows were traded, she'd try to rope him down or threaten to divorce him for a huge pile of cash, just like that cow he'd shaken off.

Not that he couldn't afford the money. His lawyers had screwed his ex-wife down hard: they'd pointed to the inheritance her daddy had left her, and she'd actually had to pay him. But the hassle! God, he wasn't going to put up with that again. He'd grab some action, say thanks, and keep his dick off the leash.

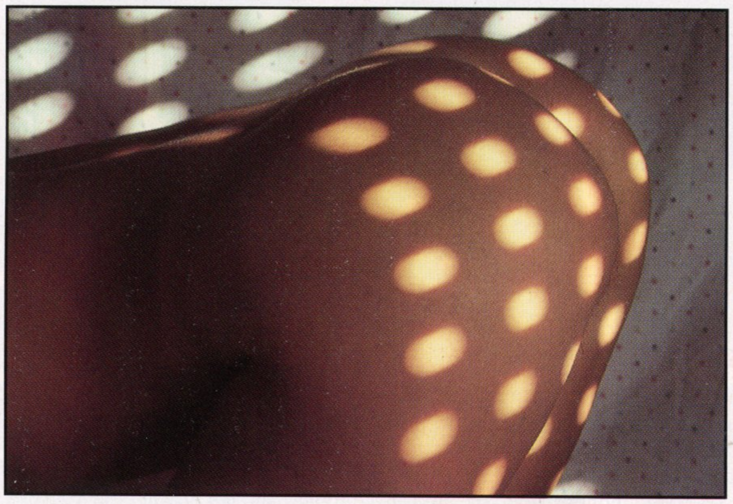
"You got a deal," he said.

"Then take off your clothes and let's do it right here," the woman said with a lascivious chuckle.

Lee slipped out of his shoes as if they'd been greased, and started unbuttoning his shirt. Some pegs and a clothes hanger had been added to the inner door of the crate. Gayle thought of everything. She knew he hated to get his top-of-the-line suits wrinkled.

Who was this mystery sweetie? A call girl? Nah, if she were a professional, she wouldn't have to hide her face. It had to be a friend of Gayle's. Someone he'd met, or might meet in the future.

As he hung up his trousers, he took a careful look at her body – not that he hadn't been doing that all along. Her light pink pussy was unfurled for him like a spring blossom. Long, smooth legs spread to either side. Full, pancaked tits tempted him with their upright nipples. She had a firm bottom, a flat belly. He couldn't be certain if he recognized her shape or not. He couldn't place the voice.



Gayle was a better woman than he thought, to arrange a little something extra on the side

He wondered if Gayle would keep him guessing. Wouldn't it be a kick if she planned to introduce them at the birthday party? "Hey, remember that girl you fucked Tuesday night?" Maybe it would lead to a threesome...

He decided to get more serious about Gayle. Not marriage, of course, but he ought to at least give her a key to his house, so she wouldn't have to leave presents like this out on his doorstep.

He crawled into the crate. She lifted her pussy to greet him. He lowered her ass cheeks down on his palms and thrust his tongue straight into her seam.

Slick, shower-fresh pussy nectar gushed over his tongue. "Oooo, yeah," she said. "Turn up the music and really give it to me!" He cranked up the boom box and got to work. First he oiled up her entire crotch with her own juice, then he focused on her clitoris. She gasped as his lips caught her button, pulled it into his mouth, and let it slide free.

"Like that?" he asked between sucks.

"Oh, yes!" she groaned.

Her steamy, female taste and her pussy's well-tuned responses captured his total attention. Lee didn't notice at all as a man, wearing a ski mask, sneaked to the opening of the crate and pulled the keys from the trousers hanging there.

The music completely drowned the click as the man slid the key into the control box of Lee's elaborate alarm system and deactivated it. Lee had a secondary set-up mounted behind bushes at the side of his house, but the thief went right to it, and shut off that box as well.

A van hid at the back of the house where, in spite of the garage, Lee never parked. Three other ski-mask types stepped out of the vehicle and joined the first man as he unlocked the back door. Within moments, the four robbers were scurrying through the mansion, gathering up rare paintings, original sculptures, jewelry, and the thousands of pounds in "petty" cash Lee kept between the pages of a dog-eared copy of Ruthless Business Tactics.

Lee lathered up his birthday present until she squirmed and begged him to stick it in. "Anything to oblige a gift girl," he said. He aimed his spear. She took him in the whole way, with one thrust, lubricating him naturally as he entered.

Lee whistled in pleasure. Gayle was going to have to arrange for more of this kind of side action; his present's pussy was so tight and perfect that inflatable doll manufacturers could have used it to design their deluxe models.

He lifted her ankles onto his shoulders. "Yeah," she moaned. "Pile-drive me!"

He pounded his cock into her so rapidly that it blurred. She angled herself for maximum friction. Her cunt lips swelled and closed more tightly around him.

"Oh, that's good," she said when he paused for breath. "But how about some slow grinding?"

He dropped her legs back to the side. He entered her more fully with each stroke, pressing the root of his cock and his pubic ridge against her clit on each in-stroke. She pushed back, and squeezed her leg and butt muscles each time he drew back.

Much better than Gayle, Lee thought. Gayle would just lie there whenever they used missionary.

He alternated quick rabbit jabs with full, leisurely thrusts. He let his dick pop out every ten or twenty strokes, so that he could use it to tickle her clit. She sighed.

"Doggie-style now," she pleaded.

He pulled out. She spun over to her hands and knees. He spread her pussy lips and slid his rod in. Her slick little hole was even better from the new angle. He spread her ass cheeks apart, giving the perineum a little sideways stretch. Her hairless, lightly puckered anus quivered.

She reached between her legs, slicked up her fingers with her juice and began rubbing in a circle over her clit. The action pressed the top of her pussy lips against his cock, adding even more sensation.

It was heaven. He could feel his orgasm approaching.

As soon as his breathing changed, the woman called out urgently, "No-no-no. I'm going to suck you off in a little while, okay? Can you hold off until I come?"

"Sure thing," Lee said. Getting sucked off was his favorite thing, as no doubt Gayle had told her.

He squeezed the base of his dick, canceling the growing urge to shoot. When it was safe, he resumed pumping – full, hard thrusts that slammed the moons of her ass against his pelvis, but slow enough to keep his tubes capped.

Her fingers rotated furiously. She lubricated them up three more times. He thought she would blast instantly, but each time her body tensed and her panting stopped, she sagged back down and started the routine all over again.

He raised one knee and placed one that foot flat against the mat, shifting the angle downward, allowing maximum penetration. He sank it in and held it there. Moist pussy cradled every inch of his meat.

He grabbed her on either side of her waist and pulled her into the thrusts. His balls slapped against her clit and her frantically moving fingers. "Oh, oh, oh!" she gasped. She arched up and he knew it was time. He made sure he fucked her with no change in rhythm. Her perineum vibrated like a piano spring as she came. Her boobs ballooned out to either side as she crushed her upper body to the mat, forcing her hips up.

She squealed like it was the first orgasm of her life. Lee grunted with satisfaction as the soft walls of her snatch contracted around his hard-on. It made each pump twice as perfect. She clutched whale-sized volumes of air.

"Oh, that was soooo good," the girl murmured, still barely able to find enough breath to speak. Her hand flopped from her clit to the mat.

He humped her steadily, too turned on by her climax to stop.

"Now, now," she cautioned. "You want a blow job or not?"

"Yeah," he said. He unplugged her and let his dick cool in the crevice of her bottom. He smoothed her sweat over her back. She tickled his balls with her moist pussy.

"I have to ask you to do something now," the woman said, "so you won't see my face when I go down on you. See that black leather mask near the pillow? Put it on."

Lee thought that was a little kinky, but he did as she asked. The mask had no eye holes, just an opening for his mouth and nostrils. Opaque and snug-fitting, he couldn't see a thing with it on.

"Ready?" she asked.

"Yeah."

Her lips were reaching further and further down his shaft each time her mouth came down

He heard the sheet rustle. Hands touched his chest, guiding him to a laid-back position on the mat. He settled his head on the pillow.

"Now, honey, you are in for something grand," she said.

She licked from the very base of his scrotum, over his balls, and up to the tip of his engorged meat. "Mmmmm," she purred, and wrapped her mouth around. She sucked with casual, up-and-down strokes.

After a complete song had played on the radio, Lee noticed that her lips were reaching farther and farther down his shaft each time her mouth came down. She was already well below the foreskin area, as far as any woman had ever taken him.

He grinned, anticipating. Finally, his favourite fantasy was going to come true. Her lips bottomed out in his pubic hair. He felt the corrugations of her throat with the end of his dick. She held him there through the chorus of the radio's current song, then pulled away for breath.

"Whew," she said, inhaling fully. "If your dick was a half-inch longer you'd be tickling my liver."

"Don't stop," he moaned.

"Wouldn't dream of it." Her mouth massaged its way down his shaft until his pubic bone wouldn't let it engulf any more. She pressed her lips against him until his pubic hair left dents in her lips, then she began to pump him with mouth and hands.

Primed from all the fucking, his load built, but before it surged, she changed her technique. She teased him with tongue flicks, foreskin nibbles, and hot breath. She used her hand to slap his swollen, purple head against her tongue. Then she began the whole performance all over again, beginning with the sword-swallowing.

As she took him all the way in for the eighth time, he couldn't resist raising his hand to his nose to lift up the mask and get a glimpse of her, but even with a mouthful of cock, she was too fast for him.

"Uh uh," she said, catching hold of his fingers before they got a grip on the edge of the leather. "Do that and I'll leave you here with just your hand for company."

"Okay, okay," he said, already desperate for the hot contact of her tongue and cheeks.

God, what was this girl doing to him? She must have been sucking his pecker for half an hour now. He'd never had better, but much more of it and he'd start to go numb.

This time, when she started sucking, she didn't let up. Her hands milked the base of his rod. Her mouth humped the rest. The pressure in his balls raced past critical. Massive spurts of come boiled up like an oil gusher.

The woman gulped, and moaned in delight. He filled her mouth. She swallowed. He filled it again. She maintained the rhythm and stroke until the very last pulse. She didn't pull off and swallow until his lower body had sagged back to the mat.

"Yummy," she said. "Just like Gayle promised."

"That was fabulous," Lee gasped. He groaned with delight as she ran her fingers up his still-rigid cock, squeezing out the last drop. She teased the semen off with tiny flicks of her tongue, and when that was done, she deep-throated him one last time for good measure.

"This is what you give to the man who has everything," the woman purred. "Now, you stay there, with the mask on, until I drive away. No peeking now. Promise?"

"Sure thing," he said. At that point, he would have agreed to almost anything she said. He couldn't wait for Gayle to let him know who this honey was.

He heard the rustling of cloth. "When I'm gone, you'll find another surprise waiting at the front door," she said. The soft padding of bare feet echoed down the walkway.

Humming merrily, the woman sauntered under the wisteria arbour where the van waited. One of the burglars held the rear doors open for her. The interior overflowed with stolen goods; she barely fitted between it all.

"I recognize that cum-eating smile, Edith," the man said.

The grin widened as Edith gestured at the clothes she carried. "Caught him with his pants down," she said. She handed him Lee's trousers. Her own clothes lay draped over one of the filched Persian carpets. "You guys all done?"

"Yeah. We left the grand piano." He cast her an admiring glance as she slipped her panties over her still-glistening crotch.

"Well, we can't be too greedy," she replied with glee. "Let's get the hell out of here."

The man knocked on the window separating the cargo bed from the cab. The driver hit the ignition and guided the vehicle down the long, carefully landscaped driveway. Edith paused, bra partially cupped under her heavy boobs, and watched the mansion disappear out of the rear windows.

As they reached the street and accelerated, Edith and her companion giggled like school kids. In a minute, Lee was going to discover that he was locked out of his own house, stark naked, and that he had been ripped off by people his girlfriend Gayle had never met and never heard of. They knew quite a lot about Lee and Gayle, though: Lee's ex-wife had told them all they needed to know.

"That," Edith said, "really is what you give to a man who has everything." Ⓜ

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

Have you heard about the man on the flying trapeze?
He caught his wife in the act.

A man was crossing a wild heath one night when his car broke down. He staggered on on foot for some miles, until at last he came to a lonely cottage where a middle aged couple were just preparing for bed.

The husband looked at the dripping and shivering stranger with compassion and offered him a bed for the night. "We've only got two bedrooms, and our unmarried daughter sleeps in the other," said the old man, "but you're quite welcome to sleep on the sofa."

The chap was well pleased but such a bitter wind got up in the night that the mother woke up the father and told him to go down and check that the stranger was all right.

"We're poor folk," said the old man waking the stranger, "but seeing as it's so cold, would you like our eiderdown?"

"Good Lord, no," replied the man. "She's already been down twice."

An Irishman, a Frenchman and a German all died on the same day and went to heaven. They were met at the golden gate by St Peter who said, "I have a few questions for you before you enter heaven."

Of the Irishman he asked, "How many times in your life did you cheat on your wife, if any?" to which the Irishman replied, rather shamefacedly, "Well, I think about 60 times, all with different women." St Peter reached into the pouch he was carrying, took out a set of keys and offered them to the Irishman. "I see, my son; then in heaven you shall drive around in a lowly Volkswagen Beetle; a lowly vehicle for a lowly character."

The Frenchman admitted cheating on his wife ten times and he was given the keys to a Cadillac.

The German replied vehemently. "Not once, sir! And I'm proud to say it." St Peter gave the German a set of keys to a Rolls Royce parked beyond the pearly gates.

The three were driving around in heaven one day when they met up. The Irishman and the Frenchman were happy as larks, but oddly enough, the German was crying his eyes out. When asked what was wrong, he replied, "My wife just passed me... she was wearing roller skates."

A pretty young woman was picked up for driving under the influence of alcohol. When she was asked to pull over, the policeman took out his breathalyser and asked her to blow. The police officer could tell she had been drinking when the indicator hit an all time high. He said, nonchalantly, "Had a few stiff ones tonight, I see."

"Oh, no," replied the young woman, aghast. "That thing doesn't register those too?"

A young man who was obviously in agony waddled into his doctor's surgery.

"What's wrong with you?" enquired the doctor.

"I've got a cricket ball lodged in my rectum."

"How's that?" pursued the doctor.

"Now don't you start."

An American touring the North of Scotland came upon a small man by the side of the road who was selling small black balls.

The tourist upon enquiring the nature and cost of the balls was told that they were learning balls and were £15 each.

The American, eager to partake of local customs, bought two and promptly ate them. "Yuck," he said, swallowing, "they taste like sheep dung!"

"Aye," replied the Scotsman, "you're learning already."

Police were called to a company office where a major executive had stapled his secretary's breasts together.

When asked for an explanation he replied, "I'm a firm believer in the old adage, 'If you can't lick 'em, join 'em'."

Asked what she desired most of all,
'A penis' said a woman of Gaul.
Her husband said 'No',
It is not pronounced so,
They say 'appiness, as I recall. Ⓜ

To share your favourite jokes with Mayfair readers, send them to: Jokes, Mayfair, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. A free subscription will be awarded for every joke printed. In the event of duplication of jokes, the Editor's decision is final.

Illustrated by Spencer